are not the standards in which we believe, and which many felt they had reason to expect would be observed. We were looking for "open covenants, openly arrived at," and we have in our hands secret agreements secretly arrived at, some of which we as a nation are now called upon to sanction and even to guarantee.

When, therefore, I speak of "insincerity," I am reading no lecture in morality to foreign Powers. I am merely stating the admitted facts with regard to what those Powers have done and may intend to do, not assuming any supervision over their performance or making any accusations of deliberate deception. The insincerity I wish at this time to emphasize is that which we, the American people, would manifest, if we should pretend, in the face of our knowledge, that this Covenant and the treaty of which it forms a part are a realization of our American international ideals.

It will, no doubt, be said that this Covenant is the nearest approach to a realization of our hopes which it is practically possible to obtain. Is any defender of this Covenant sure of that? Is our support of what has been proposed in this Covenant so unimportant to the rest of the world that our most earnest aims as a people and our most sacred sense of national responsibility may be treated with indifference? But a short time ago we were instructed otherwise. Our adherence to this Covenant was represented as something upon which the welfare of the whole world absolutely depends, and without which there will be universal chaos. Is this true, or is it false? If it is true, is it conceivable that our efforts to modify this compact in such a manner as to conform to our national traditions can be condemned either by the American protagonists of the Covenant or by European statesmen? If, on the contrary, it is false, then let us make an end of empty illusions about it, and sensibly consider, as other nations do, where our interests lie.

We have at present before us a considerable body of evidence that it is not principles, but interests, that are to be protected by the Covenant of the League of Nations. We know what some at least of the past transactions have been. What has happened to change the intentions of those who entered into those compacts? We have seen brought to the light the secret compacts of France and Great Britain with Russia, with Italy, and with Japan; these last made

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as late as February and March 1, 1917, at the very moment when China, whose interests were concerned, was being urged to declare herself an ally and a belligerent, not in her own interest, but for the benefit of those who, without her knowledge, were bargaining away among themselves her undoubted rights and her future safety. Not only this, but these agreements were made at a time when the probability of our participation in the war was one of the reasons why the Chinese Republic, relying upon our friendship, as well as our influence and example, was disposed to enter it; yet both China and ourselves were left in complete ignorance of these secret "understandings" against the interest of a nation whose "territorial entity" it was one of the greatest triumphs of American diplomacy to have defended against the aggressions of European Powers.

We had all been aware that secret "understandings" were customary in the past, but we were expecting that they were to be abandoned. It was believed that not one of them would be allowed to outlive the formation of the League of Nations, now embodied in a treaty which sanctions at least one of these secret compacts, in the provisions of Section VIII of Part IV of the Treaty of Peace, under the title "Shantung." Here was an opportunity for the Conference to rectify a wrong and repudiate a dangerous policy, but the wrong was neither righted nor the policy repudiated. On the contrary, the wrong secretly agreed to was specifically sanctioned in this Treaty of Peace, and the defenders of that document are placed in the position of having to say that the treatment of China in this matter is not unjust, because in her weakness she could not have prevented it; that the concessions enforced upon her are not really territorial but only economic; and, finally, that the imposition is but temporary. This defense of a wrong decision amounts to saying that the Chinese Republic is not to be treated as a strong Power would expect to be; that encroachments upon economic resources have no vital connection with territorial and political rights; and that a condition is temporary to which no definite limit of time is set, and to which no limit is even suggested in the document imposing the obligation of submission. No one of the Powers imposing this servitude, however it be explained, would for a moment entertain the thought of itself submitting to it.

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The representatives of China declare that the concessions assigned to Japan by the Treaty constitute a danger not only to the economic but to the political control of the entire Republic; and, although it is not necessary to establish the truth of this in order to justify China's protest, that opinion is held by all who have seriously examined the question. That these concessions were extorted by force from Germany gives no title to them which Germany did not possess, and her only title, as we know, was forceful occupation. China has expressed a wish to recover her rightful possessions by reimbursing the conqueror for the cost of driving out the Germans, but this offer has not been accepted. The reason for it is obvious. The question is not merely an economic one.

If the project of imperial expansion is henceforth to be abandoned, the opportunity of Japan to win the confidence and approval of the rest of the world is great. The acceptance of China's protest, which was not even heard by the Conference, would have been a telling contribution to the new order of international relationship. But it would be unjust to place too much blame upon Japan. What evidence had been given by the Powers assembled at Paris that they, in like circumstances, would act otherwise than in the manner Japan was acting? Having learned the game of European diplomacy, why should the Japanese abandon it, so long as the rules remained unchanged? Who had proposed any change in the rules? Who had proposed any declaration of rights? Who had declared that, juristically, the rights of a weak State were equal to those of a strong State, and would receive the same protection? Who had set up any principle whatever as a rule and standard of conduct? The Japanese attitude, therefore, is not to be too severely censured. Least of all should it be considered an offense to us. When the transfer to Japan of the German extortions was under consideration, although a majority of the American Commission is reported to have realized and opposed the injustice of it to China, the Commission nevertheless decided to sustain it. Thus the representatives of a Republic whose potential strength, if fully organized, could wipe half of Asia off the map, went out of the Conference "with their heads upon their breasts"—to employ the expression which the President applied in his Boston speech to all Europe, in case we did not do our duty.

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Why was this injustice permitted? There is but one answer: China is not a military Power, but a peaceful nation, unable to defend its rights by force; while Japan is a strong and militant Power whose adhesion is necessary to the strength of the League of Nations. Her will must, therefore, be accepted; otherwise the League of Nations, it was believed, could not be formed. This, then, is a part of the price at which this League is bought. But this is not the whole price. The principle of equity and the right of a nation to self-determination were thereby abandoned. In brief, it was a choice between Justice and the League.

Nobody in Europe, outside of Government circles, approves of this failure of the Conference to rise above the conceptions of the old diplomacy. "Among Frenchmen and British with whom I talked at Paris," says a highly capable observer, "there was no pretense that the treatment accorded to China represented the sentiment of the French and British peoples. Political expediency dictated the attitudes of the French and British Governments"; and, it must be added, of our own also.

There is no sign that the ethical standards of the old diplomacy have been changed. The Japanese face their colleagues with perfect equanimity. "They argued," continues the same observer, speaking of his conversations with them, "that while several of the other Powers in the Allied group are still retaining special leases and concessions in China obtained and held against China's wishes, Japan cannot be asked to forego the positions she has obtained."

The only answer to this argument is a complete change of base. The Covenant of the League of Nations does not adopt it. It even seems to evade the proposal of change. It requires nothing to be given up, no matter how it was obtained. It makes no provision by which any of these economic aggressions on weak Powers may be ended. While we in America are thinking of the League of Nations as a remedy for wrongs, the imperial Powers are interested in sequestering the spoils of war. The League, it is said, is to enforce peace; but it is not to the League, it is to "the principal Allied and Associated Powers" that all the concessions wrung from Germany by the Treaty of Peace are committed.

Perhaps, on the whole, the best defense of the Shantung

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article in the Treaty of Peace is the fact that it is based on certain "understandings" which the Powers entering into them felt they could not disavow. It is, therefore, timely for us to inquire what still unexecuted "understandings" of a like character may still exist, and what may be the relation of the United States to them in case the Covenant of the League of Nations is ratified.

We know that the parts of Africa and the Pacific Islands for which mandates are to be issued by the League of Nations are already the subject of "understandings." The Dark Continent is almost entirely divided between Great Britain and France, with some concessions to Italy, in the expectation that Spain and Portugal will eventually dispose of their holdings on that continent—of course in a market where the bidding will be controlled by agreement.

The fate of the Ottoman Empire is still in question, but many private engagements are known to exist concerning it. For example, a writer on "The Future of Turkey," in *The Contemporary Review* for June, 1919, speaks with confidence of what the distribution is to be. "So far as Armenia is concerned," he says, "the first necessity is to endeavor to reconcile the claims put forward on her behalf with those based by France upon the agreement with England and Russia, made in the Spring of 1916. Whilst public opinion seems to be divided upon the present validity of that agreement, it is obvious that France should be the mandatory Power for Syria." He then goes on to argue what Armenia should include, and thinks it of "immense importance"; for "if America is to be persuaded to undertake this responsibility, Armenia must include, not merely just such area as Europe might consider a disencumbrance, but, in fact, practically so much or so little as the Government of Washington might believe to be necessary to make its work a success."

Will the moral enthusiasts who are defending the Covenant as an almost divine ordinance dwell long enough on this quotation to comprehend and weigh its implications? The claims put forth in behalf of Armenia are to be "reconciled" with those of France based on an agreement made with England and Russia, in 1916, for the possession of parts of Armenia! That country, it would seem, is to be delimited, not as the Armenians occupying the land desire,



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but with reference to the claims of France to this territory based on past agreements with England. As nothing could be done by the League of Nations without the consent of every member of the Council, the Great Powers, parties to the "understanding," would undoubtedly sustain it. If the United States should feel disposed to offer objection, it would be confronted, as in the case of Shantung, with a choice between submission and the dissolution of the League, and its decision would no doubt be based on the precedent itself had set.

But unless America is prepared to repudiate the whole scheme of "mandates," it will be necessary to become an accomplice in the "understandings" of the imperial Powers to a still greater extent than this. If America, the writer quoted informs us, should not be content to accept a mandate for an area left over after the other Powers had taken what they wanted—that is, such a "disencumbrance" as Armenia might be to them—a new "understanding" would have to be arranged in order to round out this "disencumbrance," and the Government at Washington, not the inhabitants of the region, would then determine how much or how little of Armenia should be given to France!

Where in this partition of territory do the rights of the Armenians themselves appear? What of "self-determination" in general? "Whilst the little Republic of Ararat, composed of the districts of Erivan, Kars and Bantum," continues this writer, "is reported to have elected to become, and therefore should become, a part of the New Armenia, it seems to me that, in the above mentioned circumstances, it would be for America to decide how much of the six valayets should be incorporated."

But there is no end of these "understandings" in which the people disposed of have nothing to say. "As no serious division of opinion seems to exist to the effect that Mesopotamia, Arabia, and Palestine . . . are to have a British mandate," the writer continues, "we can pass at once to a discussion of the futures of the areas which remain," and he then goes on to state what disposition is to be made of the rest of the Ottoman Empire. "To fulfil the principle of nationalities, Greece," he says, "should certainly secure possession of the Aegean Islands held by Italy under the Treaty of Lausanne"; but here rises another ghost of murdered nationality: "these islands were, however, definitely

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given to the latter country by the pact of London"! With regard to the Adalia region, as there is no basis in nationality, the claim of Italy "depends upon certain rights and interests largely self-assumed and self-imposed—a claim unfortunately recognized by England, France, and Russia at the time of Italy's entry into the war."

Very soon, it appears, if this Covenant is ratified, we shall find ourselves not only confronted by these "understandings" but actually involved in them, and even obliged to aid in executing them, or enter into new "understandings" with regard to what does not concern us.

The question is thus pressed upon us: What are the provisions of the Covenant regarding these "understandings"? Article XXI reads: "Nothing in this Covenant shall be deemed to affect the validity of international engagements such as treaties of arbitration or regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine for securing the maintenance of peace."

These words are not to be found in the original draft of the Covenant. They were introduced with the ostensible purpose of recognizing the Monroe Doctrine; but the form of expression employed implies that, *besides* the Monroe Doctrine, there are certain engagements, such as treaties of arbitration and "regional understandings," of which last the American policy is assumed to be only an example, the validity of which is not affected by this Covenant. So far as the Monroe Doctrine itself is concerned, the expression "regional understandings" might have been omitted. The sentence would then simply read: "Nothing in this Covenant shall be deemed to affect the validity of the Monroe Doctrine."

It has been generally felt in the United States, where the Monroe Doctrine is not regarded as an "engagement" or an "understanding," but simply and solely as a national policy, that the expression "regional understandings" does not properly describe this policy. Why, then, was this expression chosen? No form of expression could better cover the agreements regarding Shantung, the partition of the Ottoman Empire, and the distribution of the Pacific Islands taken from Germany. These are, of course, not "like" the Monroe Doctrine, in the sense of having a similar purpose; but all are "regional," that is, geographically limited, and they are "understandings." In substance they

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are not only different from, but are opposed to, the Monroe Doctrine; for the American policy regards the "self-determination" of the inhabitants of the Western Hemisphere as a matter of interest to the United States; while these "understandings" are intended to cover the agreements of foreign Powers among themselves to divide, and occupy, and exploit distant territories, regardless of the will of the inhabitants.

The only intelligible reason for classing the Monroe Doctrine as a "regional understanding" is the assumption that it *becomes* an understanding through the agreement entered into with the signatories of this Covenant. There must, however, be a purpose in using the general expression "regional understandings"; which is plainly intended to include an entire class of agreements, all of which are recognized as being of equal validity and lying beyond the scope of this Covenant.

It is, therefore, desirable to know precisely *what* "regional understandings," *other* than the Monroe Doctrine, are here included, and at the same time who originated this new and undefined expression which might so obviously be applied to the "understandings" of a private and even secret nature to which attention has been called.

It is, of course, not overlooked that, in Article XVIII, it is provided that "Every convention or international engagement entered into henceforth by any member of the League shall be forthwith registered with the Secretariat"; and, in Article XX, it is agreed that "this Covenant is accepted as abrogating all obligations or understandings *inter se* which are inconsistent with the terms thereof, and the members solemnly undertake that they will not hereafter enter into any engagements inconsistent with the terms thereof."

At first sight these provisions seem to render nugatory all secret "understandings" between the members of the League. It is to be noted, however, that no obligation is accepted to abrogate any "understanding" unless it is *"inconsistent" with the terms of the Covenant;* but, in Article XXI, it is declared that "*Nothing* in this Covenant shall be deemed to *affect the validity* of" the class of international engagements therein named, "such as arbitration treaties and regional understandings." This provision, therefore, it might be contended, excludes such "under-

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standings" from registration, abrogation, and prohibition in the future. It is, in effect, a ratification of *all* "regional understandings." It might even be held that, since their validity is expressly declared not to be affected by anything in the Covenant, it exempts them from arbitration, unless perhaps with reference to a dispute about one of the terms of the understanding. It has not, I believe, been pretended that China, for example, could through the League of Nations compel Japan to arbitrate her claims in Shantung. There would be at least three Powers in the Council which would deny the appeal, and it is difficult to believe that the Government of the United States, having refused even to hear China's protest, would support the demand for arbitration.

It may be said that Article X is an adequate protection of international rights, because it pledges the members of the League "to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity" of all members of the League. We see, however, how utterly ineffective this provision is in the case of a weak Power. In May, 1915, Japan presented her famous "Twenty-one Demands." They included the substitution of Japan for Germany in that province, the political and economic domination of South Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia, the Japanese control of a most important iron and coal enterprise in Central China, and an engagement of China not to cede or lease to any other Power any part of the coast of China. To these demands China was compelled to submit in conventions negotiated and concluded under circumstances of intimidation and duress, regardless of the sovereign will of the Republic. Other demands were made and postponed, but not withdrawn.

At the Peace Conference China prayed for the abrogation of the notes of May, 1915, on the ground that they were violative of "the territorial integrity and political independence of China," and contradictory of what have been announced as the guiding principles of the Peace Conference. As a distinguished Chinese statesman has put the case, "They constitute an injustice which, if not righted, will cause so much unrest and unsettlement in Far-Eastern politics as will, in time, assume proportions which will have a reflex action in Europe and America."

It is now understood, and I believe officially admitted,

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that a failure to support the demands made by Japan upon China would have rendered doubtful the adherence of certain Powers to the League, and perhaps would have created an indisposition to form any League at all. If that is the price at which the formation of this League was bought, it is not difficult to foresee what its future will be; for, as a Chinese delegate asked, in commenting on a semi-official communication upon the attitude of the President of the United States in this matter: "What reason is there to assume that a League of Nations, whose Covenant is created in conjunction with this Treaty of Peace, can be depended on to rectify or to reverse the provisions of that treaty?" He might have added, particularly in view of the fact that the Covenant itself expressly provides for the exemption of "regional understandings," like the Shantung compacts, from the obligations of the Covenant, by affirming this exemption in that document itself!

In this connection it would be of interest to know precisely to what "regional understanding" we shall be committing ourselves if we accept unchanged Article XXI of this Covenant. And here it is important to note that, until they go into execution, these understandings will probably remain secret, since there is nothing in the Covenant to prohibit this; for they are not formal treaties and conventions: they are promises contained in conversations and notes exchanged in the course of diplomatic correspondence, and, if they are soon to be executed, may not even be reduced to writing. They seem, therefore, to permit of unlimited secret bargaining.

As events develop, this reservation of the validity of "regional understandings" in Article XXI may be found to have a close connection with intended "mandates" over all so-called "backward countries." Theoretically, the League of Nations is to issue "Acts and Charters" for the administration of these countries; but practically they will be portioned out to the "Big Five" in accordance with "understandings" already agreed upon. A highly competent publicist, who was in Paris during the Peace Conference and in close touch with important sources of information, reports as a matter of general knowledge, that a private agreement was reached in a personal conference of delegates last March, in Paris, to the effect that the British, French and Japanese Governments would support one

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another in all questions relating to Asia and would jointly approve of Japan's claims in Shantung, as in fact they had already agreed to do. This "understanding" regarding "*all Asia,*" he reports, was reached between the completion of the first draft of the Covenant and the revision of it, which resulted in the addition of Article XXI regarding "regional understandings."

With Russia disintegrated, the Ottoman Empire dismembered and apportioned to European Powers, and China left without independence, it is noteworthy that the whole of Asia becomes a field for unimpeded foreign exploitation. India, Siam, and Hedjaz are voting States in the Assembly of the League, but all of them are already under the control of Great Britain alone or jointly with France. Persia is the only other Asiatic State invited to become an adherent of the League, and since the collapse of Russia, the British "sphere of interest" in Persia has become unlimited. Italy is demanding compensation in Asia, and when it is granted, four of the five permanent members of the Council will have a community of interest in the "regional understandings" such as Article XXI renders valid and exempts from all the obligations of the Covenant.

But this is not the whole import of Article XXI. If, appealing to the protection of Article X, any country likely to be subjected to these "understandings" should seek, as China has done, to protect itself against encroachment, any one of the aggressors, under the rule of unanimity in the Council, could object that intervention was unwarranted, and if any other member of the League, actuated by sympathy or even by an adverse interest, should then go to war to prevent the aggression, that nation would find itself violating the Covenant, and thereby at war with the League.

Before adopting this Covenant, the reason for the reference in it to "regional understandings" should be fully explained; and, above all, this article should not be allowed to take its place there under the cover of the Monroe Doctrine, which is designed to protect the self-determination of free nations, and has been coupled with the Golden Rule as summing up the foreign policy of the United States.

DAVID JAYNE HILL.

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# JAPAN IN ACTION

BY JEREMIAH W. JENKS

JAPAN, to carry out her policy in the Far East, on August 15, 1914, sent an ultimatum to Germany. She advised the Imperial German Government:

> To withdraw immediately from Japanese and Chinese waters German men-of-war and armed vessels of all kinds, and to disarm at once those which cannot be so withdrawn.
>
> To deliver on a date not later than September 15 to the Imperial Japanese authorities, without condition or compensation, the entire leased territory of Kiaochow, with a view to the eventual restoration of the same to China.

It was further stated that unless an unconditional acceptance was received by noon of August 23, 1914, "Japan may be compelled to take such action as she may deem necessary to meet the situation."

Thus Japan entered the war.

Inasmuch as throughout the war the Japanese have defended their own actions by accusing China of neglect, it is worth noting that before this action of Japan China had taken entirely suitable steps to play her own part worthily.

To protect her own interests and to secure her neutrality, she suggested the following steps:

> 1. That there should be neutralized under Chinese control all her territory leased to foreign belligerent nations or those that might become belligerent.
>
> 2. If war were waged on her territory, the war-like acts of belligerents should be limited to specified areas. [It will be recalled that such limitations had been made with the consent of the Powers during the Russo-Japanese war] and
>
> 3. That China would join the Allies.

Of course, the last proposition was not made until the others had failed, but China earnestly desired that her first suggestion be carried out. Had she been a strong nation, she would have put this policy into effect without consult-

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ing the Powers. Under the conditions, the proposal was made, and the friendly offices of the United States were sought to carry out the policy. The German legation was inclined to be favorable, likewise Great Britain, while the United States was ready to take the initiative.

The ultimatum of Japan, with her subsequent acts in Shantung, frustrated the worthy purpose of China. Americans should not forget, however, that China at the very beginning attempted to play her part wisely and well, and that Japan was the nation that blocked these efforts. We should note, again, that in ordering Germany " to withdraw immediately from Japanese and Chinese waters," Japan assumed a prerogative that belonged only to China. Note also that this was an uncalled-for assumption, because, as a matter of fact, China did intern all war ships of both belligerents in waters that China controlled; but from Japan's insulting assumption, China realized at once her deadly purpose.

Next, China attempted to limit the scope of military operations, when the Japanese and British attacked Tsingtau. There was no need, on military grounds, to go outside the neutral zone about Kiaochow that had been leased to Germany, but China attempted to fix even more liberal limits. Great Britain scrupulously followed the wishes of China in this regard. The Japanese, on the contrary, landed their troops some hundred and fifty miles away from Tsingtau, at Lungkow, far beyond the limits fixed, and in going overland to make the attack they found excuses to seize the control of the entire railway between Tsingtau and Tsinan, the capital of Shantung, taking control of telegraphs, posts, roads, and assuming the military control of all important territory. China protested vigorously against such a policy, but without avail.

On November 7, 1914, Tsingtau surrendered. Japan from that time on has maintained her control of the entire railroad line and interfered with the police and local administration in many parts of the Province of Shantung far removed from any possible relation to the war.

The Powers, including the United States, had acquiesced so readily in her high-handed acts in Shantung, that Japan felt emboldened to clinch her hold still more firmly and to extend widely the scope of her operations.

On January 18, 1915, the Japanese Minister presented

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the noteworthy "twenty-one demands," set out in five different groups. They were presented, not to the Foreign Office, but direct to the President. China was warned that she must act promptly and accept all demands without change, and that all proceedings must be kept secret. In spite of the warnings the Chinese, through newspaper correspondents, made the facts known.

Japan denied, emphatically and completely, the truthfulness of the facts as published. Japanese newspapers were warned not to publish or discuss the matter. Her representatives abroad were ordered to deny the facts and news regarding this. The Japanese Minister in Peking officially denied to the other legations that any demands had been made. When copies of the original demands had become known to other foreign Governments, Japan still denied that there were twenty-one demands, but presented a list of eleven of the least objectionable.

Meanwhile, she was pressing for an immediate answer, and on May 7, 1915, she delivered an ultimatum giving two days for acceptance, otherwise "the Imperial Japanese Government will take such steps as may be necessary."

Having failed to secure intervention by any other nation, China had no alternative but to accept, although, even then, she refused under all conditions to accept a few of the worse demands.

Let Americans now, while Japan is making so many assertions about what she proposes to do in the future in Shantung, note carefully the facts just mentioned, and consider whether they are willing to accept her official word unaccompanied by any acts on matters that concern not only China but our own rights in the Far East.

Regarding the promise to return the leased territory of Kiaochow to China, Baron Kato in December stated in the Japanese Diet that this promise was conditioned upon Germany yielding Kiaochow without resistance, and that "restitution after a campaign was not thought of."

Concerning America's connection with the "twenty-one demands," our State Department on May 16, 1915, through a note sent to both Japan and China, formally notified both Governments "that it cannot recognize any agreement or undertaking which has been entered into, or which may be entered into between the Governments of China and Japan impairing the treaty rights of the United States and its

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citizens in China, the political or territorial integrity of the Republic of China, or the international policy commonly known as the open door policy."

The United States is, therefore, in position to-day to take any action that it deems proper to protect our interests in the Far East.

Having failed to secure a method by which it could check Japan's aggression, the Chinese Government next turned its attention to making provision for a more just treatment in the future, or possibly for relief from the injustice already done her, by taking measures to secure a seat at the Peace Conference as one of the Allies. It is now known that, early in the war, President Yuan Shi K'ai had thought of joining the Allies. If the Allies would consent, the Chinese would capture Tsingtau from the Germans. Failing in his attempt to maintain neutrality, or to limit military operations wherever Japan was concerned, he next proposed to send troops to participate in the capture and urged that all moves in Chinese territory be entrusted to the Chinese troops. Japan refused. Again, in August, 1915, he proposed joining the Allies, but was discouraged by the British Minister. Later, on October 30, 1915, acting on the suggestion of one of his foreign advisers, he again took up the question, this time sounding the Russian, French and American Governments, as well as the British. The matter was now given formal consideration. The United States, at that date a neutral Power, could take no formal action, but it is well understood that the American Minister was personally sympathetic with the movement, and there is no doubt that the American Government would have welcomed it.

On November 23, 1915, the representatives of Great Britain, France, and Russia had a formal conference with Viscount Ishii, at that time Minister of Foreign Affairs in Tokio. These representatives, in the name of their Governments, suggested to Japan that China join them as an ally. Japan, however, objected. Of course, official reports of the interview are not available, but reports from various sources agree that Viscount Ishii summed up the objections of Japan as being, in effect, that her interests in regard to China were paramount and that she must maintain a firm hand regarding them. Moreover (and this is the significant thing for Americans to remember in considering the

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future of the Far East) he said that Japan cannot view without apprehension the prospect of a large Chinese army such as would be required if she were to participate actively in war, and she cannot view without uneasiness "a moral awakening of four hundred million Chinese" such as would be brought about by such participation. Millard's version of the statement is slightly different, but of equal significance: "Japan could not regard with equanimity the organization of an efficient Chinese army such as would be required for her active participation in the war, nor could Japan fail to regard with uneasiness a liberation of the economic activities of a nation of 400,000,000 people." Do American citizens object to either a "liberation of the economic activities" or to the "moral awakening of 400,000,000 Chinese"? Or are they prepared now, by acceding to the Peace Treaty, to give their formal approval to Japan's prevention of either the liberation of Chinese economic activities or her moral awakening? Suffice it to say that Japan's protest was sufficient, and that China was not permitted to join the Allies at that time.

As soon as it became likely that the United States would enter the war as a belligerent, a new factor of prime importance was introduced. The United States now took the initiative in helping China come into the war. The apparent sympathy of the other nations with Japan had so weakened China's confidence in Great Britain and France that she felt that if she could not join the Allies a victory of the Allies was not likely to benefit China; and inasmuch as the issue of the war was still in abeyance, and apparently Germany's position was becoming more favorable, it was thought unwise to aggravate Germany unnecessarily. Nothing could be gained thereby, while much might be lost.

The United States Government broke off official relations with Germany on February 3, 1917. The official invitation to neutrals to follow the example of the United States in severing diplomatic relations with Germany was received in Peking the following day. The American Minister at once took steps to bring the matter to a prompt decision. It was highly desirable that it be accepted. Japan, it was felt, would continue her opposition. It at once developed that Great Britain, France, Russia and Italy, while on the whole favorably impressed by our suggestion, would not urge it strongly.

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The Japanese Minister sought a private interview with the President, Li Yuan Hung. He urged that China would run a great risk by joining America; that the United States would probably not be effective in the war; while she had expressed her sympathy with China, America had done little for her. It was very doubtful that Germany would be defeated by the Allies. It was much safer for China to rely upon Japan, for after the war there would doubtless be harmonious action between Japan and Germany, and then Japan could readily protect China. The Minister also presented similar arguments to the Prime Minister. Under the circumstances, the Chinese Government naturally hesitated.

Finally, unable to answer officially (the cables being out of order), the question of the Chinese as to whether in the Peace Conference America would support the Chinese claims in Shantung if China entered the war, the American Minister assured them that, in his judgment, such assistance would be given; and on the basis of that assurance China accepted America's invitation over the protest of Japan, and severed diplomatic relations.

The United States Government, so far as is known, accepted the assurance of its Minister to China as its own.

Later, still acting under the influence of the United States, China, on August 14, 1917, declared war against Germany. The hope of freedom from Japan's aggression was China's chief motive. In addition, she hoped to be free from the burden of the German and Austrian Boxer indemnities; to secure from the Allies satisfactory loans for war purposes and also for development purposes afterward; to get back under her control German concessions at Tientsin and Hankow as well as in Shantung; to secure as a result of her participation a general revision of treaties more to her advantage, and to supplant Germans in China's public service, especially in the customs and Salt Gabelle, with Chinese. All of these motives were laudable, as much so as those of any of the Allies, and vastly more so than those of Japan. In this continuance of her policy to enter the war, let Americans remember that China was acting on the urgent advice of the United States, and with at least implied assurances of support by the United States at the Peace Conference.

When the Balfour and Viviani missions were here in

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April and May, 1917, there was much talk among persons conversant with conditions in the Far East regarding the acts of Japan in China. Her deliberate attempts to further her own interests, to block the entrance of China into the war, and to oppose America's interest in China's intervention, were well known.

Until the time of the Peace Conference, Americans believed that Great Britain and France really sympathized with their views regarding the Far East. Yet it seems certain that, although several weeks before the arrival in the United States of these Missions, secret agreements had been reached with Japan by which they promised to support Japan in her claims upon Shantung at the Peace Conference, no intimation of these treaties was given to our Government. The Chinese Government and well-informed Americans in China suspected some such agreement, but both Great Britain and France permitted our Government to go ahead without such knowledge and to put itself into a most embarrassing position for the future on account of the lack of that knowledge. I am making no suggestion either for or against the policy of Great Britain or France in this regard. I do, however, think it important that all Americans should know the way in which we have been drawn into our present most difficult situation by the suppression of the knowledge of these secret treaties.

The Ishii Mission reached this country about the middle of August. Owing to the tensity of feeling, great care was taken by our State Department and by the public to give its members a most elaborate and cordial, not to say effusive, reception and treatment throughout the period of their stay. Baron (now Viscount) Ishii is, as we know, a most eloquent speaker, and his skill in handling his difficult task is deserving of only high praise so far as outward form of expression is concerned.

Naturally, our State Department and our publicists were eager to know the specific purposes of this mission. No one believed that they were limited to merely war purposes, although those were of course included. About a week before the Mission's arrival in Washington I received, as did the State Department, a confidential memorandum purporting to be Ishii's programme. He was to assert:

that Japan has no ulterior motive in respect to the integrity of China;

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that she adheres to her open door pledges; that nothing subversive of China's sovereignty is contemplated; that Japan's sole object is, by means entirely pacific, to bring order out of chaos in China, with no special privilege in view; that Japan understands China better than any other nation, and, owing to her geographical proximity and *special political position and interests in the Far East, she should, therefore, when essential, take the leading rôle in dealing with China as the United States does with the Nations of the Western hemisphere* [the italics are mine.]

There can be no doubt that Ishii attempted to carry this plan through, and that, from Japan's viewpoint—or, at any rate, the viewpoint she promulgated—he succeeded in accomplishing his mission; though he failed to secure recognition of any special political position which would warrant her in taking the "leading rôle in dealing with China as the United States does with the nations of the Western hemisphere."

In making public the Lansing-Ishii Agreement, Japan, in order to advance in China her own interpretation of this agreement, again deliberately tricked the State Department by publishing the agreement in Peking in the Chinese press before the time agreed upon to have it given out simultaneously in Tokyo and Washington; and also in giving out the translation of the agreement, the Japanese deliberately employed the Chinese and Japanese characters, which gave to the expression "special interests" a significance amounting to "vested interests" or "proprietorship" or "suzerainty" over China, while the characters used by the Americans meant merely "a close or strong general interest in the welfare of China," not any vested, proprietary or paramount interest. After the Americans had published their version, the Japanese endeavored to persuade the American Legation to accept the Japanese translation and amend the American version. That, however, the Americans did not accede to, and the Japanese to this day have insisted upon their version as the correct one.

The Japanese have also frequently employed the expression "Monroe Doctrine for Asia" to explain and excuse their acts in China by thus inferentially alleging a parallel between such acts and those of the United States in the Western hemisphere. Since the methods are entirely different, that seems like a deliberate attempt to mislead the world; and unfortunately they have succeeded in misleading many influential Americans who are not well informed

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on the policies of the two countries. The United States has never asserted any right to special economic investments in Mexico, for example, that would in any way exclude similar investments by France, Japan, Great Britain or any other nation. She has objected only when political power seemed to be sought. There has been always a real Open Door in this hemisphere so far as the United States Government is concerned. Americans should no longer permit themselves to be hoodwinked by the expression "Monroe Doctrine for Asia."

The Japanese policy in China has been, clearly, to keep conditions unsettled by fomenting disturbances and hostilities between the so-called North and South factions, and to keep China weak. This is not a matter of suspicion or careless observation on the part of prejudiced Americans. It is a matter officially known, reported upon, and recorded in our State Department, and supported by the overwhelming testimony of Chinese, American and British officials both North and South who are fully conversant with the facts.

Japan has also attempted to secure and advance her economic supremacy throughout China by extensive loan operations in that country largely through the wealth that she has made out of the war. For months under the Terauchi régime, one of his agents, Nishihara, formerly unofficial but no less active, steered most vigorously Japan's financial drive on China. The work was carried on secretly. The securities taken in many cases were in themselves insufficient for any proper loan and their acceptance could be defended only on the ground of political expediency and the intent to exert, at the proper time, political pressure. Such obligations were even extended beyond Japan's capacity to supply the full amounts required unless the other Allies were to make her loans. The use of the loan was, in many cases, illegitimate, and contrary to agreements with other Powers; but such use was made with the full and deliberate connivance of Japan. Loans purely economic on their face became purely political in practice. Even those that were proper if carried out in the right spirit were not so carried out, and Japan has shown no intention of so managing them. There has been a clear intention to secure in advance a claim on Chinese resources in order that that agreement may be enforced afterward.

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The result will be the mortgaging of China to Japan to an extent that will infringe very seriously on the already acquired rights of the United States, Great Britain and France. There had been a feeling in Peking that this Chinese muddle would be settled equitably at the Peace Conference. But what has been the result?

The full significance of the Shantung settlement seems to be appreciated by few. It is ordinarily asserted that merely the German rights in Shantung have been awarded to Japan, and that therefore China is no worse off than she was before. People shut their eyes to the moral issue and the methods employed by Japan to get this claim, and do not realize its economic and political significance. Attention is frequently called to the fact that the German concession does not include the entire province of Shantung, some 55,000 square miles (about the size of Illinois), with a population of some forty millions, but only the territory surrounding the Bay of Kiaochow, some two hundred square miles in extent, with a population of 195,000; and it is further added that Japan has promised to restore to China the political rights over even this territory of Kiaochow, retaining only the economic rights. The Japanese seem scrupulously to have avoided calling attention to the following significant fact: that in the agreement to which they forced China to accede, they reserved a Japanese settlement, selected by themselves, to remain under the absolute control and direction of Japan. After they have taken their pick of territory, there might be provided an international settlement if the other nations desire.

The outlines of this exclusive Japanese settlement seem to be clearly defined. It includes all of the wharves and other port facilities, all of the railway terminals, the cable terminals, the central telegraph, telephone, and post offices, the customs, together with all of the best business and governmental sites in Tsingtao. Furthermore, the German rights which Japan is to inherit under the treaty give her the exclusive prior right in case China wishes to build two other trunk line railroads in Shantung, to finance them or build them for China on terms similar to the Tsingtao-Tsinanfu road, to furnish all railway materials for such roads, to finance or administer the opening of mines in the province; and, in case China wishes to make any other developments of whatever nature,—



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> The Chinese Government binds itself, in all cases where foreign assistance, in persons, capital or material, may be needed for any purpose whatever within the Province of Shantung, to offer the said work of supplying of materials, in the first instance to German [now Japanese] manufacturers and merchants engaged in undertakings of the kind in question.

Still further, it includes the right to extend the existing important trunk lines of the main railroad outside of the province of Shantung into the very heart of China, tapping the two existing north and south main trunk lines, thus (especially in the winter when the other northern ports are closed) enabling her to divert much of the traffic to the port of Tsingtao, over which Japan has exclusive control.

A comparison naturally springs to one's mind: Suppose that Great Britain, with her control of Canada (which is a less rigorous control than that which Japan exerts over Chinese Manchuria or Eastern Inner Mongolia), were to hold also under her control the Port of New York; the prior right to finance or build and furnish supplies to all railroads; all important mines, present and future, in that territory; and any other improvements that our people, through the Government, might contemplate making in any of that territory, north of Washington and east of Chicago, provided Great Britain would perform this work for us as cheaply as any other responsible bidder. Before acceding to these sections of the Peace Treaty regarding Shantung, Americans should consider carefully what such a grip exerted by Great Britain would mean not only to the United States, but to all other nations of the world wishing to do business with the Unied States.

The issue is clear: Japan has taken measures that are absolutely unjustifiable from both the moral and economic viewpoints. She has employed force, treachery, threats, with a boldness and skill that command admiration, but only accentuate the danger as one looks toward the future. Had the President not signed the Peace Treaty, our position would have been unassailable. Heretofore we have given due warning that we would not accede to Japan's aggressive acts if they affected American interests. The President having signed the treaty, the responsibility rests now with the Senate.

JEREMIAH W. JENKS.

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# THE JAPANESE EVIL IN CALIFORNIA

BY JAMES D. PHELAN

UNITED STATES SENATOR FOR CALIFORNIA

THE farming communities of California are organizing to suppress the Japanese evil.[1] The State is practically of one mind on the subject, and because it is a California problem, California is entitled to speak with authority. Of course, it is only a matter of time when the Japanese will spread eastward, but that will not be until California has been exhausted. The soil and climate of the Pacific Coast are very attractive to the Japanese, and the remuneration for labor is high. They will not voluntarily emigrate from Japan to Manchuria, nor to the Philippines. When America is closed to them, they will necessarily have to spread in Asiatic territory, and that is where they belong. They belong there, because they are non-assimilable here. They compose a permanently foreign element, and precipitate a race question far more serious than that in the South. Why "more serious"? Because they are a masterful people, of great industry and ingenuity. They have no disposition in California to work for wages, but seek control of the soil by purchase, leasehold or a share of the crops, and, under these circumstances, become impossible competitors. They know no rest and respect no standards. In other words, the white man is driven from the soil, and that is the particular point which I desire to impress at this time upon the people of the East.

[1]The "Fourteen Counties Association," embracing most of the great Sacramento Valley in the Northern part of the State, and the Alien Regulation League in the Imperial Valley on the Mexican border, are organizations which have been formed to combat the influx of Japanese, and their slogan is: "Keep the land in the hands of the white people."

The following newspaper dispatch from Stockton of July eighteenth shows organization work in the great central San Joaquin Valley:

"Figures given out here today by Secretary F. Charles Clowdsley of the Service Club, an organization of 3,400 returned soldiers of San Joaquin County, which is waging a campaign for Americanization, shows that alien births in San Joaquin County, outside of Stockton for the first six months of 1919 exceeded those of citizens. Births of children of alien parents totaled 169, while 113 births to American citizens were recorded. Japanese births during the period were 104."

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The soil is the foundation of everything. Race, family, citizenship, thrift, prosperity, patriotism, success in peace and security in war—all rest upon the soil. Dispossess the people and they are condemned to poverty and vagabondage.

A Government which rests upon the morality, intelligence, and loyalty of the people can not suffer the deterioration of the people, because its own life is involved. That is one reason why all arguments in favor of increased production by undesirable immigrants fall to the ground. Production is nothing compared with population, and the character of the population determines the character of the Government. We could well afford to produce less and have a free, happy, and homogeneous population, tilling the soil and contributing, by family life, education, religion, science, and art to the upbuilding of our Western civilization. What boots it if California produces great crops and men perish, unmourned, in a hopeless economic struggle?

In the attitude of Californians there is no question of race prejudice. It is simply a question of self-preservation. The money produced from the soil by Japanese in California circulates among Japanese, in shop and store, which are conducted by their own countrymen; and thence it flows to Japan, impoverishing the State that provides it, to be invested in industries which compete with our own. So it is not only a ceaseless drain, but it becomes an aggressive antagonist. Japanese steamship lines are now carrying the commerce of the Pacific, and Japanese articles of all kinds are made in imitation of our own. There are upwards of eighty thousand Japanese in California, and they are as much a tributary colony of Japan as though the flag of Nippon had supplanted the Stars and Stripes. Most people have heard of the overwhelming invasion of the Territory of Hawaii, where extraordinary conditions prevail. There are probably 110,000 Japanese in Hawaii, as against 12,000 Americans. There is compulsory education, but the Japanese children go to Japanese schools before and after the regular school hours, where they are taught Japanese and instructed in foreign traditions and usages. It is estimated that in ten years the native Japanese will outvote the white and native Hawaiian population and control the Legislature and all municipal offices—as the Mayor, the Chief of Police, and the Council. The Hawaiian Islands have been

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described militarily as the "Key of the Pacific." Unless there is some restriction, this shall be the fate of California.

Let us see what has been done to avert this evil, and how far our subserviency to Japanese diplomacy has exposed us to danger. John J. Leary, Jr., recounts in a recent *McClure's* his conversations with Theodore Roosevelt under the heading, "Why I Broke With Taft." Among other things which led to the estrangement was the Japanese treaty of 1911, which superseded the treaty of 1894. Mr. Roosevelt said:

> We had a perfectly good treaty with Japan, under which we had the right to pass exclusion laws. Japan asked that we do not do so, offering to make a "Gentleman's Agreement" to keep her folks at home if we would not pass such a law. The Agreement was made and kept, but we had the right to enforce exclusion under the treaty if Japan did not do what was right. Mr. Taft, however, went to work and made a new treaty, in which that right to exclude was waived, we relying on their "Gentleman's Agreement," which they may or may not live up to, as circumstances may seem best to them.
>
> That was a mistake, and how California ever let that treaty go through is beyond me. Now, as matters stand, Japan can do as it pleases. The part of wisdom was to have retained that provision of the old treaty as a club.

I remember protesting against this treaty in common with other Californians, but our protest was ignored. In 1906, however, Mr. Roosevelt himself labored under the same spell of the Orient, when he threatened California for attempting to segregate Japanese students in the California public schools. Japan had just emerged from successful war against China; she had taken Formosa; she had assumed control of Korea, and she had beaten Russia. Mr. Roosevelt respected her military prowess, and, as in all our dealings with Japan, sought to avoid "causes of irritation." Under these circumstances California yielded, protesting, however, that her State jurisdiction gave her exclusive authority in all matters of schools, marriage, land, and inheritance. To-day in many California schools in the rural districts sixty per cent. of the enrollment are Japanese. Roosevelt negotiated the "Gentleman's Agreement," so-called, of 1907. Japan agreed to refuse passports to her laborers who had been coming in great numbers to California; but all students, merchants, teachers, and professional men were not to be denied passports. Japan made these exceptions: She held the right to issue passports to

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any laborer who had once been in America and wished to return; to the parents, wives, and children of laborers in America, and to any laborer who had secured title to land in America and wished to go to possess it.

The operations of the "Gentleman's Agreement" have been unsatisfactory. The Japanese steamship companies, which practically control the passenger routes between the Orient and the two Americas, have brought large numbers of Japanese to Mexico, and they have been smuggled over the border. Sometimes they are apprehended and deported, but it is very difficult to guard the extensive border, and so, notwithstanding the Agreement, the Japanese population in California is constantly increasing. Under advice, departing Japanese laborers sign leases in which they have no interest in order to return.

The device has been practiced of marrying the Japanese men in California to women in Japan whom they have never seen by the pretense of exchanging photographs, and these women are known as "proxy" or "picture" brides. I have recently witnessed as many as one hundred and fifty arriving on one ship in San Francisco harbor, and these unfortunate chattels, I am told, recoil in many instances from the ordeal when, through the bars of the immigration station, they see for the first time the images of their "husbands." There is no ceremony. Japan has simply given the women passports as wives, under the "Gentleman's Agreement," and they come in. They are led away by their masters and serve a twofold purpose, both in violation of the spirit of the Agreement, which was to restrict the increase of Japanese laborers. They are laborers. They work in the fields as laborers, side by side with the men; and, being remarkably prolific, they bear many children to them to swell the increasing Japanese tide. The California State Board of Health, in its twenty-fifth biennial report, gives the following vital statistics of births for 1917:

| | |
|---|---|
| White | 47,313 |
| Japanese | 4,108 |
| Chinese | 419 |
| Negro | 328 |
| Indian | 52 |

The report makes this comment: "The per cent. white decreased steadily through the last twelve years; thus, 98.04 (1906), 97.07, 96.8, 86.3, 96.1, 95.5, 84.6, 93.2, 91.9,

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91.3, 91.4, 90.6 (1917). The decrease in the proportion of white babies is due to marked increases in Japanese birth registration, as follows: 134 (1906), 221, 455, 682, 719, 995, 1,467, 2,215, 2,874, 3,342, 3,721, and 4,108 (1917)."

This is three thousand per cent. increase! Dr. J. L. Pomery, County Health Officer of Los Angeles, gave recently in his report the birth rate by races in the rural sections of Los Angeles County, as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| White | 48 % |
| Japanese | 33.4% |
| Mexican | 8.2% |
| Chinese | .1% |
| Negro | .3% |

In other words, one-third of the births in Los Angeles County, California—one of the most fertile counties in the State, outside of incorporated cities and towns—is Japanese. In Placer County, California, the birth rate has been given as follows:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1916 | Japanese | 67 | White | 119 |
| 1917 | Japanese | 93 | White | 79 |
| 1918 | Japanese | 123 | White | 61 |

The unavoidable conclusion to be drawn from these figures is that, where the Japanese come, the whites go. It is easy to calculate how, by geometric progression, the Japanese in a very few decades will have supplanted the men and women of California who have pioneered, developed, and occupied the land.

In 1913, California, as a measure of protection, undertook to pass alien land laws. Now Japan forbids foreigners to own her land, just as, for the same economic reasons which influence us, she prohibits the immigration of Chinese. Again there was an uproar, and the State Department at Washington made protest, but in a milder form than during the agitation of the school question, which remains unsolved. Finally, laws were passed denying the privilege to own agricultural land to persons ineligible to citizenship. This affected the Japanese principally. By a compromise, such persons were allowed to lease land for three-year terms. What was the result? The Japanese started at once to circumvent the law. They excited the cupidity of farmers by offering them large prices for their land or for leaseholds. In the matter of leaseholds, for

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instance, they made numberless leases for the same farm, one following the expiration of the other, and making use of different names; and in purchasing the land they resorted to the simple expedient of putting it in the names of their children, born on the soil, and therefore citizens, with all the rights appertaining to that status. They also organized corporations with more than one-half of the stockholders American citizens, as required by law—"dummy" countrymen, or ever-complacent lawyers. In these matters they are proceeding in violation of the intent and spirit of the law, as though there were no law at all. They are rapidly acquiring the most productive lands in California.

The California Legislature, realizing that the Japanese were acquiring the land in spite of prohibitive laws, and that they were actually controlling the great vegetable and fruit crops of the State, took up the question this year through one or two patriotic and farseeing members. At the instance of the Japanese Association, the powerful propagandists of Japan in this country, the old issue that it might cause "international friction" was raised. The President and Secretary of State were in Paris, dealing with the Japanese on questions of war spoils, immigration and racial equality, and when asked by the Legislature for advice the word came that action would be untimely. But action would doubtless have strengthened the President by showing the Japanese diplomatists that California was alive to her rights and resentful of Federal interference.

The timid Governor and Legislature surrendered.

The bills proposed to abolish leases to aliens; to remodel the corporation laws so they could not be used as instruments of law evasion; to permit separate schools for Japanese, where existing schools were too small, in the judgment of Boards of Education, for both Japanese and whites; and to require both parties to be present for the legal solemnization of marriage. These measures will come up again, and will probably be passed. Meantime, a drive is on among the Japanese in California to acquire land and import women. If our country, like England, was ruled in emergencies by orders in council, such an order should be issued to stop this practice now.

Congress should pass an exclusion law at once.

JAMES D. PHELAN.

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# A MERIT SYSTEM IN THE ARMY

## A REPLY TO GOVERNOR ALLEN

BY MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM CROZIER, U. S. A., RETIRED

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WHEN the enormous expansion of the Army brought great numbers of citizens of all degrees into close relations with it, as parts of it, or as members of voluntary organizations working with it, many of them found it different from what they had imagined, and not up to their expectations in many respects. Those officers of the regular Army who realized the deprivation of interested criticism and suggestion from without, and the loss of a certain compelling effect of improvement, difficult of attainment from within, which these evidences of concern often exert in self-contained organizations like the Army, have now, therefore, occasion to look for public comment on the shortcomings of the service, and for constructive proposals for its improvement, from citizens whose enrollment in it has given them opportunity for intimate observation, and whose standing in the community insures them both attention and influence.

An article with such intention, by Governor Henry J. Allen, of Kansas, appeared in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for July, under the title: "Wanted—Army Reorganization." In this article, Governor Allen undertakes to answer his own question: "Why did a victorious Army which made the supreme test in France come home with a 'grouch'?" He finds the answer in the fault of the regular officers. He states that the country began with a belief in the regular organization,—or, as he puts it, in "West Point,"—and exhibited "a determination to see the game through without complaint or criticism while the stress was on"; but the belief turned out not to be well founded, and the regulars failed both in staff and line.

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Some of us who were operated on by the Senate Military Committee in its investigation of the War Department, during the first year of the war, find difficulty in accepting the accuracy of the Governor's testimony as to the renouncement of complaint or criticism, at least by some representatives of the people, and have not yet realized the "unquestioning attitude" which he says was adopted; and there may be justification, therefore, in examining some other of his statements to see whether they rest upon such careful ascertainment of facts as would warrant acceptance of the conclusions as sound.

The first disillusionment, according to the Governor, came through the failure of the staff departments to supply transportation, ordnance material and airplanes; the officers refusing to be hurried, and apparently proceeding upon the theory that the battle would wait until we had made a machine gun more suitable for American use than any being used in the world.

I am not well informed in regard to the supply of transportation and airplanes, but I do know something about the machine guns, having had this particular supply under my charge during the first months of the war, and for some years previously. I can throw some light, therefore, on the statement that we spent millions of dollars and valuable months of time carrying on debates and experiments in the very face of a crowded emergency which called for guns; which statement, I presume, was based on some rather free criticism of the Ordnance Department in the press, for declining to give earlier orders for Lewis guns.

The first appropriation of any significance for the supply of machine guns was made in the act of August 29th, 1916: $12,000,000. Before that, the largest annual appropriation had been $200,000, and it was usually $150,000, when it was anything at all. The Ordnance Department knew perfectly well what gun it wanted to get—the Vickers type. This gun had been adopted for our service after careful test, and was also in successful and satisfactory use in the European war. Its excellence has never been questioned, and it remained in energetic manufacture, both here and in England, until the end of the war.

The Secretary of War, however, took the matter out of the hands of the Ordnance Department, and appointed a board of Army and Navy officers and civilians to consider

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the subject of machine guns, and to make recommendations for the expenditure of the $12,000,000. The board upheld the preference of the Ordnance Department for the Vickers gun, but the representatives of the Lewis gun protested the recommendation, and the board was reconvened to consider the protest. Hence the method of making use of a board delayed the placing of orders for machine guns from the first of September till the middle of December, but it was adopted by the Secretary of War in extreme solicitude to prevent any reasonable ground for dissatisfaction on the part of the proponents of the Lewis gun, who had alleged prejudice upon the part of the Ordnance Department. The motive was good, but Governor Allen will have to admit that it was more characteristically civilian than military, and was given effect by the civilian Secretary of War, who assumed the responsibility, and not by the military officers whom the Governor criticizes.

Lewis guns had been doing good service in the British Army, but as made for that Army they were not available for us, even in a single sample for test, and as made in the United States they had failed to function satisfactorily, both in test and in service. It was not until April of 1917 that the American manufacturers succeeded in turning out a satisfactory gun, after some fifteen important changes; when large and increasing orders were given, and the expansion of the factory was aided with Government funds. If, before this time, orders had been given for Lewis guns, they would have used up our money in disregard of the conclusions of the most competent advisory agencies which the War Department had known how to create, and would have left none for investment in the well known and thoroughly endorsed Vickers gun. The above facts are set forth at length in the testimony given at the Senate Military Committee's investigation of the War Department.

Governor Allen states that "finally we fought at Chateau Thierry, at St. Mihiel, and in the Argonne Forest with machine guns purchased from our war-burdened allies." This is a misleading statement. It is true that we purchased machine guns from the French Government, not "finally," but from the early period of the war, and at the cheerful suggestion of that Government, which was well able to furnish them and found financial advantage in doing so. It is also true, however, that all divisions of our troops

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which went over the Atlantic after April, 1918, had machine guns of American manufacture, and all that went over after June had both machine guns and automatic rifles of the incomparable Browning type, developed in the United States. There were enough of these latter in France at the termination of hostilities to arm all the American forces, and it was the activity of the operations and not the lack of guns which had prevented their substitution for other types in the hands of the troops.

From the date of our declaration of war to the time of the armistice, we manufactured in the United States about seventy-five per cent of the number of guns made in France during the same period, and a little more than the number made in England; but, shortly after the end of the first year, we had developed a manufacturing capacity for machine guns and automatic rifles greater than that of any other country. Not a bad achievement for a set of people who had refused to be hurried, and were "hopelessly entangled in their own red tape."

Governor Allen extends his harsh criticism to other departments of supply. He says that the misrepresentation as to a plentiful supply of American ordnance and other equipment amounted to real genius in lying; although it is difficult to understand why our troops should have been concerned whether their ordnance came from America or not, as long as they had plenty of it to use against the enemy —which they did. Perhaps his general charges can best be met by a statement made by General Pershing in a letter to the Chief Ordnance Officer of the Expeditionary Force, in February last: "During active operations extending from January, 1918, when our first division entered the line, until the close of hostilities on November 11, our troops were supplied with the equipment and ammunition necessary to carry their work to a successful conclusion."

I am the last to wish to defend or to try to explain away the lamentable shortage of war material with which we entered upon the great conflict; but certainly Army officers who had tried their best to give warning, are not responsible for it; and Governor Allen's charge of incompetence to remedy it, after they had been supplied with the means, rests upon statements of fact which he surely has not verified from the published records.

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When it comes to matters of personnel, as distinguished from supply, Governor Allen finds the first cause of complaint to be in the status and treatment of the enlisted men under the system which he ascribes to regular officers; and he quotes in illustration from a letter of a soldier just returned from Europe that there is too much "for officers only" in the system, and that "the enlisted man gives up everything and gets nothing." Examining this complaint in an effort to get at the substance of it, it seems to be alleged that the writer expected to get something more out of the war than an opportunity to fight the Germans, though what it is that he expected is not stated. If it is credit, this has been taken care of, for Governor Allen testifies that these men "had been cited, and decorated and 'general ordered' for their great work"; and this kind of recognition must have come, in the great majority of cases, through the recommendation of their officers. It must have been something else, but as we are not told what it is, it is difficult to devise a remedy; and we are left to wonder whether the writer represents any widespread sentiment of the kind to which the Governor attaches importance.

Another class of complaint is stated by Governor Allen to have been voiced by a young sergeant who said to him that the men had been "West Pointed to death," and that the officers forgot they were men and tried to make mere automatons of them; and he follows this up with expression of some views to the effect that there should be less of a gulf between officers and enlisted men, and more of democracy in their relations.

This is a subject which has received a great deal of discussion, and in regard to which a conclusion is difficult. It requires much precise specification to permit the formation of a judgment as to whether a practice in enforcing discipline is one of dignity and firmness, or is characteristic of a "stiff sort of snob." I could cite instances of this war in which officers have been sharply reminded by regulars of the mutuality of the respect which is due between officers and enlisted men, which are quite as striking as those advanced by Governor Allen; and probably any other officer could do the same. But this extensive subject would require an article to itself, and I will content myself with saying that it is a fundamental principle in the regular service that the respect of an enlisted man for his officer

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should not be inculcated by any method which would tend to diminish that which he has for himself. Allegation that this principle is not lived up to should be supported with specific instances and not with generalizations, and should be accompanied by such proof as to establish at least a prima facie case that the instances are typical and not sporadic.

Although there is not to be found in the above mentioned criticisms such thoughtful presentation as to aid an effort to improve the military establishment, Governor Allen mentions one difficulty which is very real in any army. It functions for its designed purpose only occasionally. Wars being fortunately rare, a military organization passes the greater part of its existence in a sort of artificial performance, in which the problems are not actual, but are set, and wherein failure does not bring the disaster of war time or result in the consequences encountered in civil life. The Governor says very truly that in real life, from which the civilian officers came to the great Army, there was one unvarying standard of success—a man must make good; and that there a position requiring efficiency must be won and kept by actual merit. He asserts that notoriously unfit officers of the regular establishment who had served long and colorless careers kept their commands.

We must admit that the Army has been without a system by which the retention of officers in service and their advancement have had any very close relation to their merits. Promotion up to the grade of colonel has been by seniority, with absence of competition, and the method of securing the elimination of the unfit through a qualifying examination for promotion has failed to work. In the first eleven years of the life of the law prescribing examination for promotion, from 1890 till the reorganization of the Army in 1901, after the Spanish war, not a single officer was forced out of the Army by the application of the law. If no more than fifty officers had been eliminated during this long period, the law would have been a conspicuous failure; but the entire absence of a list of casualties before 1901, and the extreme paucity of the list in the intervening time up to the present, seem to demonstrate that officers will not put one another out of the service for mere inefficiency, unless through the operation of rigid law from

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which there can be no escape. There has been such a law in the Navy since 1899, with a short interval.

The arguments for a merit system in the lives of men, and the reasons why the public service should not go so far beyond the rule of civil life as to assure the measure of success according with the grade of colonel to every one entering at the bottom and behaving himself, are so well known that I shall not take time to rehearse them. I shall, instead, ask the attention of the readers of the REVIEW to the principal objections which have been advanced against the establishment of a merit system in the Army, and the answers to them. The essentials of such a system should provide for at least a proportion of promotions to be by selection, under proper guarantees, and for the elimination of the least fit, with pecuniary recognition of the length of service rendered by them.

An objection which is always raised against selection in promotion is the difficulty of insuring impartiality in its operation. It is urged that it would be impossible to exclude political influence and the influence of favoritism, and examples are cited of the exercise of both in the appointments made to some of the staff corps under the conditions of permanent tenure in these corps which obtained before the Spanish war. This objection is a serious one, and any plan for selection should meet it. The appointments referred to were made by the President—usually, though not always, upon the recommendation of the Secretary of War; and both of these officials must necessarily be subject to political influence. This is not said in a critical sense; but our Government being one of checks and balances is also to a certain extent one of compromises. That is, the legislative and the executive branches must get along with each other; and it may be a very doubtful question which way the duty of an Executive lies when an important piece of legislation, of undoubted value to the public service, is subject to the control of some one who is urging an appointment which ought not to be made. Officers are excusable for hesitating to commit their professional advancement to the play of influences like these. But a method of avoiding them can be found by enacting the rule that selections shall be made upon the recommendations of boards of officers, which are difficult to reach with such influences. It is not easy to get at a military

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board. Politicians never attempt it; it would be too dangerous. And yielding to personal influence would require collusion, which is so difficult to attain that most of the safeguards for the prevention of fraud in commercial life are based upon its rarity.

We do not often stop to consider how much selection we have in the public service which is not influenced politically. The graduates of West Point are arranged in the order of their merit by a board of Army officers, acting in accordance with the law. No one in political life ever attempts to influence the arrangement, and it is accepted by the Army as being honestly arrived at. It is very important, too, for it governs the advancement of most of those concerned during practically all of their career, being never afterward reviewed. But it has queer features. For example: the lowest graduate of a class remains constantly above the highest graduate of the next following class who goes into the same branch of the service. Another striking truth is that if there should be but one vacancy in the Army when the last graduate of the Military Academy remained to be assigned, and it should be wanted for the son of the most influential member of the party in power, the graduate, though the son of a laborer, would be considered first, and the son of the public man would have to wait.

Another objection advanced is the difficulty of discriminating between officers in accordance with their merits. Officers are stationed far apart, under different commanders, and objectors believe that their chance of advancement would depend upon the fortuitous knowledge of them which might be in the possession of members of the selecting boards. Selections for the General Staff are cited, which are made by boards of general officers. All officers know of men who should have been selected for that body before others who actually were selected. The difficulty can, in large degree, be met by forming the boards from officers of the same branch of the service as that in which the promotions are to be made, and including in their membership officers of rank just above the eligible grade. They would thus have a closer knowledge of the candidates than that possessed by the members of the boards selecting officers for the junior grades of the General Staff. Officers soon achieve a reputation in their branch of the service,

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and it is possible to promote accuracy of selection by a system of reports of superiors in which discrimination is compulsory; as by requiring that those of the same grade be arranged by the reporting officer in the order in which he would recommend them for promotion, taking into consideration all their characteristics, their seniority and the best interests of the service. Those who allege that under such a system officers would devote themselves to currying favor with their superiors, instead of to an honest performance of their duties, evince a low estimate of the manner in which the good opinion of the officers of our Army is to be gained, and represent the service as composed of such poor material in the upper grades as to make it difficult for any change of system to make it worse.

But there is no necessity for extreme accuracy in distinguishing officers of nearly equal merit. The case is not one of a number of candidates on a plane, with the task that of selecting the best one with precision, under pain of failure of function, and injustice. The eligibles are already arranged in order of precedence, which need not be disturbed unless good reason for doing so is seen, and seniority can always be followed when discrimination is found to be difficult. Injustice is not done unless an inferior man is passed over a better one; and after all, it must be remembered that ideal justice to officers is not the object of a military establishment. Although efficiency cannot be had where, in the main, there is not justice, the good of the service should be sought even at the risk of occasional failure of exact justice to an individual's supposed vested rights. Boards of officers are expert in the profession, and that selection can be discriminatingly made by them is evidenced by the character of the General Staff since the establishment of that body in 1903. Although perfection cannot be claimed, and improvement of method is possible, all officers can appreciate a comparison of the Staff as it has existed with what it would have been if the officers for it had been taken off the top of their various grades by seniority—the method by which the upper grades of other branches are formed.

Some opponents of selection maintain that, even if it were possible to carry the system out efficiently, it would do more harm than good. They aver that an officer passed over in promotion by a junior would be so disheartened



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and aggrieved that his usefulness would be ended, and that he would become a center of discontent, breathing discouragement and poisoning the moral atmosphere about him. In answer to this it may be said that such effect would not be probable if we should cease to train officers to look for advancement in regular order, irrespective of merit, as a natural right. A careless or indifferent officer needs a sharp reminder that his course is not approved, and no better one can be given than to select a junior ahead of him. If he is of the right stuff, and his inefficiency has been due to thoughtlessness, such an incident should wake him up and inspire him with a determination to recover his loss, and even to win afterward the reward which he had seen pass to another. But if this kind of stimulus should not appeal to him, he would still realize that the selective process had not stopped, and that if he should be passed over again he would be in danger of being overtaken by the eliminative process. And if he should be so constituted as to be stirred by neither sense of duty, the hope of reward, nor the fear of punishment, elimination would catch him, and the service would be rid of the sore spot.

As to elimination: There are many who think that it would soon reach its limit of usefulness by retiring all of the really inefficient; and that thereafter its continued application would deprive the service of officers sufficiently alert to be useful, who would carry their expensively acquired experience with them into retirement. It is not impossible that such a stage might be reached. It would depend, for one thing, upon the drastic character of the eliminative process—whether, for example, it should be sufficiently conservative to call for the retirement of only such officers as would fail of promotion until after reaching an age at which they would not be well fitted for entering upon the duties of the next higher grade. But however this may be, the process would always be an improving one, since, even without selection in promotion, its operation would result in a continual removal of the poorest material and its replacement by the average; which would keep on raising the level, no matter how long it were carried on.

WILLIAM CROZIER.

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# CHAPTERS OF ROOSEVELT'S LIFE—III

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

## THE TWO CONVENTIONS

DURING the weeks while Roosevelt had been deliberating over "throwing his hat into the ring," his opponents had been busily gathering delegates. By this delay they gained a strategic advantage. According to the unholy custom which gave to the Republicans in the Southern States a quota of delegates proportioned to the population and not to the number of Republican voters, a large Southern delegation was pledged for Mr. Taft very early. Most of the few Southern Republicans were either office-holders or negroes; the former naturally supported the Administration on which their living depended; the latter, whose votes were not counted, also supported the President from whom alone they might expect favors. The former slave States elected 216 delegates, nearly all of whom went to President Taft, making a very good start for him. In the Northern, Western, and Pacific States, however, Roosevelt secured a large proportion of the delegates. In the system of direct primaries, by which the people indicated their preference instead of having the candidates chosen in the State conventions, which were controlled by the "Machine," the Progressives came out far ahead. Thus, in North Dakota President Taft had less than 4,000 votes out of 48,000 cast, the rest going to Roosevelt and La Follette. In several of the great States he carried everything before him. In Illinois, his majority was 139,000 over Taft; in Pennsylvania, sixty-seven of the seventy-six delegates went to him. In Ohio, the President's own State, the Taft forces were "snowed under"; in California, a stronghold of Progressivism, he had a large plurality. Nevertheless, wherever the Regulars controlled the voting, they usually brought President Taft to the front. Even when they could

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not produce the votes, they managed to send out contesting delegations.

On looking back, it appears indisputable that if the Republicans could then have cast their ballots, they would have been overwhelmingly for Roosevelt; and if the Roosevelt delegates to the Convention had not been hampered in voting, they too would have nominated him. But the elections had been so artfully manipulated that, when the Convention met, there were 220 contests. Everybody understood that the final result hung on the way in which these should be decided.

The Convention assembled in the great Coliseum hall at Chicago on June 18, 1912. But for ten days the hosts had been coming in, one delegation after another; the hotels were packed, each Committee had its special quarters; crowds of sightseers, shouters, and supporters swelled the multitude. The Republican National Committee met; the managers of each candidate met. The Committees which had not yet an official standing conferred unofficially. Rumors floated from every room; there were secret conferences, attempts to win over delegates, promises to trade votes, and even efforts at conciliation. Night and day this wild torrent of excitement rushed on.

A spectator from Mars might have remarked: " But for so important a business as the choice of a candidate who may become President of the United States, you ought to have quiet, deliberation, free play, not for those who can shout loudest but for those who can speak wisest." And to this remark, the howling and whirling dervishes who attended the Convention would have replied, if they had waited long enough to hear it through, by yelling " Hail! hail! the gang's all here," and would have darted off to catch up with their fellow Bacchanals. A smell of cocktails and of whiskey was ubiquitous; and a dense pall of tobacco smoke pervaded the Committee rooms; out of doors the clang of brass bands drowned even the incessant noise of the throngs. There was no night, for the myriads of electric lights made shadows but no darkness, and you wondered when these strange creatures slept.

Such Saturnalia did not begin with the Convention of 1912. Most of those who took part in them hardly thought it a paradox that these should be the conditions under which the Americans nominated their candidates for President.

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Roosevelt had not intended to appear at the Convention, but when he discovered that the long distance telephone from Chicago to Oyster Bay, by which his managers conferred with him, was being tapped, he changed his mind. He perceived, also, that there was a lack of vigorous leadership among those managers which demanded his presence. By going, he would call down much adverse criticism, even from some of those persons whose support he needed. On the other hand he would immensely strengthen his cause in Chicago, where the mere sight of him would stimulate enthusiasm.

So he and Mrs. Roosevelt took the train to Chicago on Friday, June 14, leaving as privately as possible, and accompanied by seven or eight of their children and cousins. Late on Saturday the train, having narrowly escaped being wrecked by an accident, reached Chicago. At the station there was an enormous crowd. Roosevelt's young kinsmen kept very close to him and wedged their way to an automobile. With the greatest difficulty his car slowly proceeded to the Congress Hotel. Never was there such a furor of welcome. Everybody wore a Roosevelt button. Everybody cheered for "Teddy." Here and there they pasesd State delegations bearing banners and mottoes. Rough Riders, who had come in their well-worn uniforms, added to the Rooseveltian exultation. Whoever judged by this demonstration, must have thought it impossible that the Colonel could be defeated.

After he and his party had been shown to the suites reserved for them, he went out on the balcony of a second-floor room and spoke a few words to the immense multitude waiting below. He said, in substance, that he was glad to find from their cheers that Chicago did not believe in the thieves who stole delegates. Some who saw him say that his face was red with anger; others aver that he was no more vehement than usual, and simply strained himself to the utmost to make his voice carry throughout his audience. Still, if he said what they report, he was not politic.

Then followed three days and nights of incessant strain. The Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt had their personal apartment in the northeast corner of the hotel at some distance from the Florentine Room, which served as the official headquarters for the Progressives. He had, besides, a private office with a reception room, and Tyree, one of the

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devoted detectives who had served under him in old times, carefully guarded the entrance. There was hardly a moment when one or two persons were not closeted with him. Occasionally, he would come out into the reception room and speak to the throng waiting there. No matter what the news, no matter how early or late the hour, he was always cheerful, and the mere sight of him brought joy and confidence to his followers.

The young kinsmen went everywhere and gathered reports of what they had seen or heard. One of them kept a diary of the events as they whirled past, hour by hour, and in this one can note many of the fleeting but vivid touches which bring back to the reader now the reality of those feverish days. He attended a big Taft rally at the Taft headquarters. Bell boys ran up and down the hotel corridors announcing it. "After each announcement," writes the young cousin, "a group of Roosevelt men would cry out, 'All postmasters attend!'" Two Taftites spoke briefly and "were greeted by a couple of handclaps apiece; and then the star performer of the evening was announced in the most glowing terms as a model of political propriety, and the foremost and most upright citizen of the United States—William Barnes, Jr., of Albany." "We have got to save the country," he said, "save the constitution, save our liberty. We are in danger of monarchy. The country must be saved!!" The Roosevelt cousin thought that he spoke "without fervor to a listless, sedate, and very polite audience. It was made all the more preposterous by the fact that a very ancient colored gentleman stood back of Barnes, and whenever Barnes paused would point to the crowd and feebly begin clapping his hands. They would then slowly and very politely take up the applause, in every case waiting for his signal. It was almost pathetic."

Apparently, stump speeches were made at any moment, and without provocation, in any hall, room or lobby of the hotel, by anyone who felt the spirit move him; and, lest silence should settle down and soothe the jaded nerves, a band would strike up unexpectedly. The marching to and fro of unrestrained gangs shouting "We-want-Teddy!" completed the pandemonium.

Monday came. The young scouts were as busy as ever in following the trails which led to Taft activities. The news they brought back was always very cheering. They

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found little enthusiasm among the President's supporters. They heard from the most trustworthy sources that this or that Taft leader or delegation was coming over. And, in truth, the Taft body probably did not let off a tenth of the noise which their opponents indulged in. The Taft men resorted very little to shouting, because they knew that if they were to win at all it must be by other means. The Rooseveltians, on the other hand, really felt a compelling surge of enthusiasm which they must uncork.

Meanwhile, Colonel Roosevelt and his lieutenants knew that the enemy was perfecting his plan to defeat them. On Monday evening his zealots packed the Auditorium and he poured himself out to them in one of his torrential speeches calculated to rouse the passions, rather than the minds, of his hearers. But it fitly symbolized the situation. He, the dauntless leader, stood there, the soul of sincerity and courage, impressing upon everyone that they were engaged in a most solemn cause and defying the opposition as if it were a legion of evil spirits. His closing words—"We stand at Armageddon and we battle for the Lord"—summed it all up so completely that the audience burst into a roar of approval, and never doubted that he spoke the truth.

Tuesday, at noon, a crowd of 15,000 persons, delegates and visitors, packed the vast Convention Hall of the Coliseum. Mr. Victor Rosewater, of Nebraska, presided at the opening. As it was known that the Republican National Committee intended to place on the temporary roll of delegates seventy-two names of persons whose seats were contested, Governor Hadley of Missouri made a motion that only those delegates whose right was not contested should sit and vote during the preliminary proceedings. Had he been successful, the Regulars would have lost the battle from the beginning. But he was ruled out of order on the ground that the only business before the Convention was the election of a Temporary Chairman. This took place, and Senator Root was elected by 558 votes; McGovern, the Roosevelt candidate, received 501 votes; there were fourteen scattering, and five persons did not vote. Senator Root therefore won his election by thirty-eight votes over the combined opposition, but his plurality was secured by the votes of the seventy-two whose seats were contested.

During the three following days the Roosevelt men fought desperately to secure what they believed to be justice.

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They challenged every delegate, they demanded a roll-call on the slightest excuse, they deluged the Regulars with alternate showers of sarcasm and anger. But it availed them nothing. They soon perceived that victory lay with the Republican National Committee, which had the organization of the Convention and the framing of the rules of procedure. The Taft people, the Regulars, controlled the National Committee ,and they knew that the rules would do the rest, especially since the Chairman of the Convention, Senator Root, was the interpreter of the rules.

At no other National Convention in American history did a Chairman keep his head and his temper so admirably as did Mr. Root on this occasion. His intellect, burning with a cold white light, illumined every point, but betrayed no heat of passion. He applied the rules as impartially as if they were theorems of algebra. Time after time the Rooseveltians protested against the claim of the holders of contested seats to vote, but he was unmoved, because the rule prescribed that the person had a right to vote. When the contests were taken up, the Taft men always won; the Roosevelt men always lost. The " Machine " went as if by clockwork, or like the guillotine. More than once some Rooseveltian leader, like Governor Hadley, stung by a particularly shocking display of overbearing injustice, taunted the majority with shouts of " Robbers " and " Theft." Roars of passion swept through the Hall. The derision of the minority was countered by the majority with equal vigor, but the majority did not always feel, in spite of its truculent manner, confident of the outcome.

By what now seems shameless theft, the Credentials Committee approved the seating of two Taft delegates from California, in spite of the fact that the proper officials of that State had certified that its twenty-six delegates were all for Roosevelt, and had been elected by a majority of 76,000 votes. Chairman Root put the question to the Convention, however, and those two discredited delegates were admitted for Taft by a vote of 542 to 529. This indicates how close the Convention then stood, when a change of seven votes would have given Roosevelt a majority of one and have added to his list the two California delegates who were counted out. Had such a change taken place, those who watched the Convention believed there would have been a " landslide " to Roosevelt. But the Republican Commit-

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tee's sorely tested rules held. After that the Rooseveltians saw no gleam of hope.

On Saturday, June 22, the list of delegates to the Convention having been drawn up as the Republican Machine intended, Mr. Taft was nominated by a vote of 561; Roosevelt received 107, La Follette 41, Cummins 17, Hughes 2; 344 delegates did not vote. The last were all Roosevelt men, but they had been requested by Roosevelt to refuse to vote.

Through Mr. Henry J. Allen, of Kansas, he sent this message:

> The Convention has now declined to purge the roll of the fraudulent delegates placed thereon by the defunct National Committee, and the majority which thus indorsed fraud was made a majority only because it included the fraudulent delegates themselves, who all sat as judges on one another's cases. If these fraudulent votes had not thus been cast and counted, the Convention would have been purged of their presence. This action makes the Convention in no proper sense any longer a Republican Convention representing the real Republican party. Therefore, I hope the men elected as Roosevelt delegates will now decline to vote on any matter before the Convention. I do not release any delegate from his honorable obligation to vote for me if he votes at all, but under the actual conditions I hope that he will not vote at all.
>
> The Convention as now composed has no claim to represent the voters of the Republican party. It represents nothing but successful fraud in overriding the will of the rank and file of the party. Any man nominated by the Convention as now constituted would be merely the beneficiary of this successful fraud; it would be deeply discreditable to any man to accept the Convention's nomination under these circumstances; and any man thus accepting it would have no claim to the support of any Republican on party grounds, and would have forfeited the right to ask the support of any honest man of any party on moral grounds.

Mr. Allen concluded with these words of his own: "We do not bolt. We merely insist that you, not we, are making the record. And we refuse to be bound by it. We have pleaded with you ten days. We have fought with you five days for a square deal. We fight no more; we plead no longer. We shall sit in protest, and the people who sent us here shall judge us.

"Gentlemen, you accuse us of being radical. Let me tell you that no radical in the ranks of radicalism ever did so radical a thing as to come to a National Convention of

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the great Republican Party and secure through fraud the nomination of a man who they knew could not be elected."[1]

Every night during that momentous week the Roosevelt delegates met in the Congress Hotel, talked over the day's proceedings, gave vent to their indignation, confirmed each other's resolution, and took a decision as to their future action. The powerful Hiram Johnson, Governor of California, led them, and through his eloquence he persuaded all but 107 of them to stand by Roosevelt whether he were nominated by the Convention or not.

And this they did. For when the vote for the nomination was taken at the Convention only 107 of the Roosevelt men cast their ballots. They favored Roosevelt, but they were not prepared to quit the Republican Party.

There was one dramatic moment which, as Dean Lewis remarks, has had no counterpart in a National Convention. When the "Machine" had succeeded, in spite of protests and evidence, in stealing the two delegates from California, the friends of Mr. Taft gave triumphant cheers. Then the Roosevelt men rose up as one man and sent forth a mighty cheer which astonished their opponents. It was a cheer in which were mingled indignation and scorn, and, above all, relief. Strictly interpreted, it meant that those men who had sat for four days and seen their wishes thwarted by what they regarded as fraud, and had held on in the belief that this fraud could not continue to the end, that a sense of fairness would return and rule the Regulars, now realized that Fraud would concede nothing and that their Cause was lost. And they felt a great load lifted. No obligation bound them any longer to the Republican Party, which had renounced honesty in its principles and fair play in its practice. Henceforth they could go out and take any step they chose to promote their Progressive doctrines.

Shortly after the Convention adjourned, having by these methods nominated Mr. Taft and James S. Sherman for President and Vice-President, the Rooseveltians held a great meeting in Orchestra Hall. Governor Johnson presided, and apparently a majority of the Rooseveltians wished then and there to organize a new party and to nominate Roosevelt as its candidate. Several men made brief but earnest addresses. Then Roosevelt himself spoke, and although he lacked nothing of his usual vehemence, he

[1] *Fifteenth Republican National Convention.* New York. 1912, pp. 333, 335.

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seemed to be controlled by a sense of the solemnity of their purpose. He told them that it was no more a question of Progressivism, which he ardently believed in, but a question of fundamental honesty and right, which everybody ought to believe in and uphold. He advised them to go to their homes, to discuss the crisis with their friends; to gain what adherence and support they could, and to return in two months and formally organize their party and nominate their candidate for President. And he added: "If you wish me to make the fight, I will make it, even if only one State should support me. The only condition I impose is that you shall feel entirely free, when you come together, to substitute any other man in my place, if you deem it better for the movement, and in such case I will give him my heartiest support."

And so the defeated majority of the Republicans at Chicago, Republicans no longer, broke up. There were many earnest handshakings, many pledges to meet again in August and to take up the great work. Those who intended to stay by the Republican Party, not less than those who cast their lot with the Progressives, bade farewell, with deep emotion, to the Leader whom they had wished to see at the head of the Republican Party. Chief among these was Governor Hadley of Missouri, who at one moment during the Convention seemed likely to be brought forward by the Regulars as a compromise candidate. Some of the Progressives resented his defection from them; not so Roosevelt, who said: "He will not be with us, but we must not blame him."

Six weeks later the Progressives returned to Chicago. Again, Roosevelt had his headquarters at the Congress Hotel. Again the delegates, among whom were several women, met at the Coliseum. Crowds of enthusiastic supporters, and larger crowds of curiosity seekers, swarmed into the vast building. On Monday, August 5, the first session of the Progressive Party's Convention was held. Senator Albert J. Beveridge, of Indiana, made the opening address, in which he defined the principles of their party and the objects it hoped to obtain. Throughout the proceedings there was much enthusiasm, but no battle. It was rather the gathering of several thousand very earnest men and women bent on consecrating themselves to a new Cause, which they believed to be the paramount Cause for the

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political, economic and social welfare of their country. Nearly all of them were Idealists, eager to secure the victory of some special reform. And, no doubt, an impartial observer might have detected among them traces of that "lunatic fringe" which Roosevelt himself had long ago humorously remarked clung to the skirts of every reform. But the whole body, judged without prejudice, probably contained the largest number of disinterested, public-spirited, and devoted persons who had ever met for a national and political object since the group which formed the Republican Party in 1854.

The professional politician, who usually preponderates in such Conventions, and, in the last, had usurped control both of the proceedings and decisions, had little place here. The chief topic of discussion turned on the admission of negro delegates from the South. Roosevelt believed that an attempt to create a negro Progressive Party, as such, would alienate the Southern whites and would certainly sharpen their hostility towards the blacks. Therefore, he advised that the negro delegates ought to be approved by the white Progressives in their several districts. In other words, the Progressive Party in the South should be a white party, with such colored members as the whites found acceptable.

On Monday and Tuesday the work done in the Convention was much less important than that done by the Committee on Resolutions and by the Committee on Credentials. On Wednesday the Convention heard and adopted the Platform, and then nominated Roosevelt by acclamation. Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, seconded the nomination, praising Roosevelt as "one of the few men in our public life who has been responsive to modern movement." "The programme," she said, "will need a leader of invincible courage, of open mind, of democratic sympathies—one endowed with power to interpret the common man, and to identify himself with the common lot." Governor Hiram Johnson was nominated for Vice-President. Over the platform, to which the candidates were escorted, hung Kipling's stanza:

> For there is neither East nor West,
> Border nor breed nor birth,
> When two strong men stand face to face,
> Though they come from the ends of the earth.

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Portraits of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Jackson and Hamilton, a sufficiently inclusive group of patriots, looked down upon them. After Roosevelt and Johnson addressed the audience, the trombones sounded "Old Hundred" and the great meeting closed to the words:

Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

The Progressive Platform contained many planks which have since been made laws by the Democratic Party, which read the signs of the times more quickly than did the Republicans. Especially, many of the suggestions relating to Labor, the improvement of the currency, the control of corporate wealth, and oversight over public hygiene, should be commended. In general, it promised to bring the Government nearer to the people by giving the people a more and more direct right over the Government. It declared for a rational tariff and the creation of a non-partisan Tariff Commission of experts, and it denounced alike the Republicans for the Payne-Aldrich bill, which dishonestly revised upwards, and the Democrats, who wished to abolish protection altogether. It urged proper military and naval preparation, and the building of two battleships a year—a plank which we can imagine Roosevelt wrote in with peculiar satisfaction. It advocated direct primaries; the conservation of natural resources; woman suffrage.

So rapidly has the country progressed in seven years that most of the recommendations have already been adopted, and are among the commonplaces which nobody disputes any longer. But the Initiative, the Referendum and the Recall of Judicial Decisions were the points, as I have already remarked, over which the country debated most hotly. The Recall, in particular, created widespread alarm, and just as Roosevelt's demand for it in his Columbus speech prevented, as I believe, his nomination by the Republican Convention in June, so it deprived the Progressives at the election in November of scores of thousands of votes. The people of the United States—every person who owned a bit of property, a stock or a bond, or who had ten dollars or more in the savings bank—looked upon it almost with consternation. For they knew that they were living in a time of flux, when old standards were melting away like snow images in the sun, when new ideals, untried and based

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on the negation of some of the oldest principles in our civilization, were being pushed forward. They instinctively rallied to uphold Law, the slow product of centuries of growth, the sheet anchor of Society in a time of change. Where could we look for solidity, or permanence, if Judicial Decisions could be recalled at the caprice of the mob—the hysterical, the uninstructed, the fickle mob? The opinion of one trained and honest judge outweighs the whims of ten thousand of the social dregs.

The Recall of Judicial Decisions, therefore, caused many of Roosevelt's friends, and even Republicans, who would otherwise have supported him, to balk. They not only rejected the proposal itself, but they feared that he, by making it, indicated that he had lost his judgment and was being swept into the vortex of revolution. Judges and courts and respect for law, like lighthouses on granite foundations, must be kept safe from the fluctuations of tides and the crash of tempests.

The campaign which followed was chiefly remarkable for Roosevelt's amazing activity. He felt that the success of the Progressive Party at the polls depended upon him as its Leader. The desire for personal success in any contest into which he plunged would have been a great incentive, but this was a cause which dwarfed any personal considerations of his. Senator Joseph M. Dixon, of Montana, managed the campaign; Roosevelt himself gave it a dynamic impulse which never flagged. He went to the Pacific Coast, speaking at every important centre on the way, and returning through the Southern States to New York City. In September he swept through New England, and he was making a final tour through the Middle West when, on October 14, just as he was leaving his hotel to make a speech in the Auditorium in Milwaukee, a lunatic named John Schranck shot him with a revolver. The bullet entered his body about an inch below the right nipple and would probably have been fatal but for an eyeglass-case and a roll of manuscript he had in his pocket. Before the assassin could shoot again his hand was caught and deflected by the Colonel's secretary. "Don't hurt the poor creature," Roosevelt said, when Schranck was overpowered and brought before him. Not knowing the extent of his wound, and waiting only long enough to return to his hotel room and change his white shirt, as the bosom of the one he had on

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was soaked with blood, and disregarding the entreaties of his companions to stay quiet, he went to the Auditorium and spoke for more than an hour. Only toward the end did the audience perceive that he showed signs of fatigue. This extraordinary performance was most foolhardy, and some of his critics said that, as usual, Roosevelt wanted to be theatrical. But there was no such purpose in him. He felt to the depths of his soul that neither his safety nor that of any other individual counted in comparison with the triumph of the Cause he was fighting for.

After a brief examination the surgeons stated that he had better be removed to the Mercy Hospital in Chicago. They put him on his special car, and by an incredible negligence they sent him off to make the night journey without any surgical attendant. On reaching the Mercy Hospital, Doctor Ryan made a further examination and reported that there seemed to be no immediate danger, although he could not be sure whether the Colonel would live or not. Roosevelt, who was advertised to make a great speech in Louisville, Kentucky, that evening, summoned Senator Beveridge and despatched him with the manuscript of the address to take his place. Mrs. Roosevelt reached Chicago by the first train possible, and stayed with him while he underwent, impatiently, nearly a fortnight's convalescence. Then, much sooner than the surgeons thought wise, although his wound had healed with remarkable speed, he returned to Oyster Bay, and on October 30 he closed his campaign by addressing 16,000 persons in the Madison Square Garden.

He spoke with unwonted calm and judicial poise; and so earnestly, that the conviction which he felt carried conviction to many who heard him. "I am glad beyond measure," he said, "that I am one of the many who in this fight have stood ready to spend and be spent, pledged to fight, while life lasts, the great fight for righteousness and for brotherhood and for the welfare of mankind."

President Taft and the members of his Cabinet took little or no active part in the campaign. Indeed, the Republicans seemed unable to arouse enthusiasm. They relied upon their past victories and their robust campaign fund.

When Colonel Roosevelt was shot, Governor Wilson magnanimously announced that he would make no more speeches. Roosevelt objected to this, believing that a chance

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accident to him, personally, ought not to stop anyone from criticising him politically. "Whatever could with truth and propriety have been said against me and my cause before I was shot can," he urged, "with equal truth and equal propriety, be said against me now, and it should so be said; and the things that cannot be said now are merely the things that ought not to have been said before. This is not a contest about any man; it is a contest concerning principles."

At the election on November 5, Wilson was elected by 6,286,000 votes out of 15,310,000, thus being a minority President by two million and a half votes. Roosevelt received 4,126,000 and Taft 3,483,000 votes. The combined vote of what had been the Republican Party amounted to 7,609,000 votes, or 1,323,000 more than those received by Mr. Wilson. When it came to the Electoral College, the result was even more significant. Wilson had 435, Roosevelt 88, and Taft, thanks to Vermont and Utah, secured 8 votes. Roosevelt carried Pennsylvania, the rock-bound Republican State; Missouri, which was usually Democratic; South Dakota, Washington, Michigan, and eleven out of the thirteen votes of California. These figures, analyzed calmly, after the issues and passions have cooled into history, indicate two things. First, the amazing personal popularity of Roosevelt. Secondly, it proved that Roosevelt, and not Taft, really represented a large majority of what had been the Republican Party. Therefore, it was the Taft faction which, in spite of the plain evidence given at the choice of the delegates, and at the Convention itself,—evidence which the "Machine" tried to ignore and suppress,—it was the Taft faction and not Roosevelt which split the Republican Party in 1912.

Had it allowed the preference of the majority to express itself by the nomination of Roosevelt, there is every reason to believe that he would have been elected. For we must remember that the Democratic platform was hardly less progressive than that of the Progressives themselves. Counting the Wilson and the Roosevelt vote together, we find that 10,412,000 votes were cast for Progressive principles against 3,483,000 votes for the reactionary Conservatives.

Although the campaign, as conducted by the Republicans, seemed listless, it did not lack venom. Being a family fight between the Taft men and the Roosevelt men, it

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had the bitterness which family quarrels develop. Mr. Taft and most of his Secretaries had known the methods of Mr. Roosevelt and his Ministers. They could counter, therefore, charges of incompetence and indifference by recalling the inconsistencies, or worse, of Roosevelt's régime. When the Progressives charged the Taft Administration with being easy on the Big Interests, Attorney-General Wickersham resorted to a simple sum in arithmetic in order to contradict them, showing that whereas Roosevelt began forty-four Anti-Trust suits, and concluded only four important cases during his seven and a half years in office, under Taft, sixty-six new suits were begun and many of the old ones were successfully concluded. Some great cases, like that of the Standard Oil and of the Railroad Rates, had been settled, which equalled in importance any that Roosevelt had taken up. In the course of debate on the stump each side made virulent accusations against the other, and things were said which were not true then and have long since been regretted by the sayers. That happens in all political contests.

Roosevelt himself being the incarnation, if not indeed the cause, of the Progressive Party, had to endure an incessant volley of personal attack. They charged him with inordinate ambition. We heard how Mr. William Barnes, Jr., implied that Roosevelt must be defeated in order to prevent the establishment of monarchy in the United States. Probably Mr. Barnes, in his moments of reflection, admitted to himself that he did not really mean that; but many campaign orators and editors repeated the insinuation and besought free-born Americans not to elect a candidate who would assume the title of King Theodore. Many of his critics could account for his leaving the Republican Party and heading another only on the theory that he was moved by a desire for revenge. If he could not rule, he would ruin. The old allegation that he must be crazy was of course revived.

After the election the Republican Regulars, who had stubbornly refused to read the handwriting on the wall during the previous four years, heaped new abuse upon him. They said that he had betrayed the Party. They said that he had shown himself an ingrate towards Taft, whose achievements in the Presidency awoke his envy. And more recently, many persons who have loathed the Administra-



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tion of President Wilson blame Roosevelt for having brought down this curse upon the country.

These various opinions and charges seem to me to be mistaken; and if in the foregoing chapters I have truly divined Theodore Roosevelt's character, every reader should see that his action in entering the field for the Republican nomination in 1912, and then in founding the Progressive Party, was the perfectly natural culmination of his career. Some one said that he went off at a tangent in 1912. Some one else has said better that this tangent was a straight line leading back to 1882, when he sat in the New York Assembly. Remember that the love of Justice was from boyhood his leading principle. Remember that, after he succeeded in having a law passed relieving the miserably poor cigarmakers from the hideous conditions under which they had to work, a judge declared the law unconstitutional, thereby proving to Roosevelt that the courts, which should be the citadels of Justice, might and did, in this case, care more for the financial interests of land owners than for the health, life and soul of human beings. That example of injustice was branded on his heart, and he resolved to fight the judicial alliance with inhumanity wherever he met it. So Abraham Lincoln, when, at the age of twenty-two, he first saw a slave auction in New Orleans, said, in indignant horror, to his companion, John Hanks: "If I ever get a chance to hit that thing [meaning slavery], I'll hit it hard." Exactly thirty years later, Abraham Lincoln, as President, was hitting that thing—slavery—so hard that it perished.

Roosevelt's experience as Assemblyman, as Civil Service Commissioner, as Police Commissioner, as Governor, and as President had confirmed his belief that the decisions of the courts often stood between the people and Justice. Especially in his war on the Interests was he angered at finding corporate abuses, and even criminal methods, comfortably protected by an upholstery of favoring laws. With that tact and willingness to compromise non-essentials in order to gain his essential object, which mark him as a statesman, he used the Republican Party just as long as he could. Then, when the Republican Machine rose against him, he quitted it and founded the Progressive Party, to be the instrument for carrying on and completing the great reforms he had at heart. Here was no desertion, no

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betrayal; here was, first of all, common sense; if the road no longer leads towards your goal, you leave it and take another. No one believed more sincerely than Roosevelt did in fealty to party. In 1884 he would not bolt because he hoped that the good which the Republican principles would accomplish would more than offset the harm which the nomination of Blaine would inflict. But in 1912 the Republicans cynically rejected his cause, which he had tried to make the Republican cause, and then, as in 1884, he held that the cause was more important than the individual, and he followed this idea loyally, lead where it might.

In trying thus to state Roosevelt's position fairly, I do not mean to imply that I should agree with his conclusions in regard to the Recall of Judicial Decisions; and the experiments which have already been made with the Referendum and Initiative and Direct Primaries are so unsatisfactory that Roosevelt himself would probably have recognized that the doubts which many of us felt when he first proposed those measures have been justified. But I wish to emphasize my admiration for the large consistency of his career, and my conviction that, without his crowning action in 1912, he would have failed to be the moral force which he was. If ambition, if envy, if a selfish desire to rule, had been the motives which guided him, he would have lain low in 1912; for all his friends and the managers of the Republican Party assured him that if he would stand aside then he would be unanimously nominated by the Republicans in 1916. But he could not be tempted.

(*To be continued*)

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# THE STRATEGY ON THE WESTERN FRONT—VIII

BY LIEUTENANT COLONEL H. H. SARGENT, U. S. ARMY

## THE FIGHT FOR THE HINDENBURG LINE

After the St. Mihiel salient had been wiped out and there were no more German salients to attack, it was evident that the Allies would encounter much greater difficulties in forcing the Germans still farther back, particularly since Ludendorff had decided to make a determined stand along the old Hindenburg Line, which, during three years of war, had been developed into an intricate and powerful system of defenses, heretofore practically impregnable to Allied attacks. Indeed, save at the second battle of Cambrai, it had not been seriously breached throughout its entire length.

It was the middle of September, 1918, and there were only about six or eight weeks more of actual campaigning before the weather would put a stop to the fighting. It was the purpose of Ludendorff to hold the Allies substantially along the strongly intrenched positions of the Hindenburg Line until the coming of winter would permit him to rest, recuperate, and reconstruct his already shattered armies. If he could stop the onward rush of the Allied armies along this line and the armies of the Central Powers in other theatres of operations held their own, he could get his own armies again into shape for a renewal of the campaign in the spring of 1919, which he purposed doing, should the German peace offensive, which was already under way, not produce satisfactory results during the winter months.

On the other hand, Foch's purpose and hope was not to let these strongly fortified defenses stop the progress of his armies, but to break through them and continue his

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victories. How to meet the difficult situation? where to strike? what plans, what strategy to adopt and carry out? were important and vital questions to be decided.

That portion of the line along which the contending powers struggled for the mastery in this great fight ran westward from a point about eight miles north of Verdun to a point about two miles north of Reims, thence northwestward through St. Quentin, Cambrai, and Lens to Nieuport on the English Channel. Southward from Verdun to Switzerland the French and Americans on one side and the Germans on the other stood inactively facing each other in their intrenchments during the great fight for the Hindenburg Line.

Tactically, on account of the Argonne Forest and its strong defenses, the most difficult portion of the whole line to break through was the Verdun-Reims sector; but strategically it offered greater advantages than any other. The reason was this: An attack pushed northward from this sector to Mezieres and Sedan would cut every east and west line of railway south of the Ardennes mountains, upon which the Germans were depending to a great extent for their supplies and munitions of war; and would leave remaining but one east and west line; namely, the Charleroi-Namur-Liege-Aix-la-Chapelle railway, which passes to the northward of the Ardennes and just south of the southeast extremity of Holland. Such an attack, if successful, could not but produce stupendous results; for with all the east and west lines cut, except the Charleroi-Namur-Liege-Aix-la-Chapelle railway, there would at once be a mighty effort on the part of the German army to retire along this line as far east as the Meuse River, before the Allies could push forward from Mezieres to Namur, sever this line of railway, and capture a good part of the German army.

However, it is evident that such a thrust as here outlined would be impossible of execution unless the Germans along other portions of the Hindenburg Line were kept occupied by Allied attacks; since, otherwise, German reserve divisions along the line could be withdrawn to the threatened flank in such numbers as to put a stop to the thrust.

On the other flank, too, there were strategical considerations of importance. It will be noticed that an Allied

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thrust eastward through West Flanders towards Brussels would threaten not only the communications of the German troops along the Belgian coast and compel their retirement eastward towards Antwerp, but would threaten also the communications of the German troops occupying the Lille region; and, if pushed far enough, would likewise seriously threaten the Charleroi-Namur-Liege-Aix-la-Chapelle railway. Evidently, such a thrust, taken in conjunction with the thrust northward from the Verdun-Reims sector, would be the first step towards making of the German front an immense salient; and the farther these thrusts penetrated into German occupied territory, the greater the salient would become and the more vulnerable and dangerous it would be. But the two attacks on the flanks were not enough. It was necessary for Foch to attack also some intermediate sectors of the line in order to prevent Ludendorff from withdrawing his reserve divisions in great numbers from these sectors to the menaced flanks. But where was he to strike in order to do this and at the same time produce the greatest strategical results?

Examining the theatres of operations, we find that a thrust northeastward from the St. Quentin-Cambrai front to Maubeuge and Valenciennes, and thence eastward and northeastward towards Dinant, Charleroi, and Mons, would, taken in connection with the Flanders thrust, create a dangerous German salient in the Lille region; and, taken in connection with the Meuse-Argonne thrust, create a dangerous German salient in the Laon region. Moreover, such a thrust would sever the Metz-Sedan-Mezieres-Hirson-Maubeuge railway leading into the Lille district and make necessary the immediate retirement of the Germans from that salient; and it would also threaten the Aix-la-Chapelle-Liege-Namur-Charleroi railway upon which the German troops in Western Belgium were almost wholly dependent for their supplies and reinforcements; and should it reach Dinant, would cut in two the German armies and prevent any retirement of German troops northward from Mezieres and northeastward from Hirson to Namur.

Inasmuch as an allied thrust northward from the Verdun-Reims front towards Sedan and Mezieres would cut all the railway lines south of the Ardennes mountains; and a thrust eastward from the Flanders front towards Brus-

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sels and northeastward from the St. Quentin-Cambrai front towards Charleroi and Mons, would threaten the single remaining east and west line to the north of these mountains; and inasmuch as the thrust from the St. Quentin-Cambrai front would also, if pushed eastward from Maubeuge to Dinant, cut the German armies in two, we can appreciate how extremely important, strategically, such a plan of operations would be. And we can appreciate also the importance to the strategical situation of the fact that the Ardennes Mountains form a barrier across a considerable part of the entrance from Germany into northern France and Belgium, and that this barrier has necessitated the building of the east and west railway lines on either side of them.

Of course, in breaking through the German lines from the Verdun-Reims, Flanders, and St. Quentin-Cambrai fronts, the Allies would create three salients more or less vulnerable to German attack; but since each would threaten seriously the communications of the Germans occupying Northern France and Belgium, Ludendorff's great concern would be, not to strike to destroy the Allied salients, but to fight to hold open the railways so that his armies could withdraw behind the Meuse before they were cut off and forced to surrender.

Here, again, that principle of strategy would apply, that when an army makes a thrust in such a direction as to cut or seriously threaten the communications of the other, that army whose communications are first cut or seriously threatened will invariably turn back to fight for them rather than strike at the communications of the adversary. Hence it followed that Marshal Foch need not have had and, seemingly, as the sequel will show, did not have, any great concern about the communications of his own troops occupying these salients. Accordingly, he was able to give almost his entire attention to the offensive operations against Ludendorff.

Then, again, there were other reasons, mainly on account of location, why the vulnerability of these three Allied salients would be slight. In the thrust towards Sedan from the Verdun-Reims front, the Americans would be protected on the east side of the salient by the Meuse River; and, on the west side, by the French, who were to advance on the left of the Americans. In the thrust from

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the St. Quentin-Cambrai front towards Charleroi and Mons, the British would be protected on their right by the Sambre River and Canal. And, in the Flanders district, the push eastward must of necessity cause the evacuation by the Germans of the coast country; and this would give to the Flanders salient on the north side the protection of the English Channel.

Observant of all these things, Marshal Foch made his plans accordingly, and in the last week in September opened his campaign against the Hindenburg Line with these three great thrusts. Practically at the same time, or very soon afterwards, other attacks were also made from intermediate sectors, where there seemed to be favorable chances of success; but these three major thrusts were the ones that had the principal strategical bearing upon the conduct of the campaign.

An American army under General Pershing having been assembled as secretly as possible along the Meuse-Argonne sector between Verdun and Reims, quietly, on the night of September 25, took the place of the French who had held this portion of the line for a long period; and on the morning of September 26 began the attack, which, in the face of most desperate resistance, was to continue during the next six weeks and which forced back the Germans slowly but surely to the very gates of Sedan.

On the first day of the attack the Americans pushed through the first line of defenses, and on the two following days penetrated the German position to a depth of from three to seven miles, taking Haucourt, Malancourt, Varennes, Charpentry, Very, Montfaucon, Gercourt, and other villages. East of the Meuse an American division, which was with the Second Colonial French Corps, captured at the same time Marcheville and Rieville, thus giving further protection to the right flank of Pershing's army. At the same time the French, on the left of the Americans, west of the Argonne, also succeeded in pushing well to the front. In this attack by the Americans, as well as in practically all subsequent ones against the Hindenburg Line by the French, British, and Belgians, the tanks played an important and often a determining part.

The attack had taken Ludendorff by surprise; but seeing at once his peril, he immediately ordered a number of reserve divisions to the threatened front; and, collecting

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such troops as were immediately at hand, began a series of counter attacks, supported by heavy artillery fire containing many gas shells. By these means the Americans and French, after a few days' fighting, were temporarily checked; nevertheless, they continued to exercise such strong pressure on the Germans, pushing forward here and there in the face of most determined and desperate resistance, that Ludendorff was compelled to continue ordering more and more divisions from other parts of his line to this menaced flank.

Meanwhile, at the other end of the line the Belgians and British from Dixmude southward to the Lys River had taken the offensive and, driving eastward, had swept the Germans across the Paschendaele Ridge into the Flanders plain below. This thrust, reaching in its first push almost to Roulers and Menin, made it necessary for the Germans to retire eastward forthwith from the Belgian coast and seriously threatened their communications in the Lille region to the southward.

Seeing, as before, the great peril to his troops, should this thrust of the Belgians and British not be stopped, Ludendorff at once hurried reserves to this front also from other parts of his line and, finally, succeeded in checking it temporarily, just as he had checked the great American Meuse-Argonne thrust.

But scarcely had these thrusts got well under way when Foch launched the attack from the Cambrai-St. Quentin front. This attack was made by Byng's and Rawlinson's British armies, assisted by the Second American Corps, composed of the Twenty-seventh and Thirtieth divisions. The attack began on September 27 in the vicinity of Cambrai, and on the two following days extended southward to St. Quentin on a front of about twenty-five miles. The fighting about Le Catelet, midway between Cambrai and St. Quentin, was severe, but success finally crowned the efforts of the British along the whole line. St. Quentin and Cambrai were both captured and the Hindenburg Line completely broken through. Nor did the thrust stop there. On October 5 the British captured a large number of prisoners and advanced some four or five miles; and on October 8 they struck a decisive blow, which, in the next four days, carried them into the open country about Le Cateau, some fourteen miles east of the Hindenburg Line.

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Every mile of this advance deepened and made more vulnerable the Lille and Laon salients. Maubeuge and Valenciennes now became the new objectives of the British along this front.

Meanwhile, along other sectors of the line the Allies had made much progress. South of St. Quentin, Debeney's French army had pushed forward on the right of the British. Mangin's army, assisted by an Italian division, had driven the Germans from the Chemin des Dames. The armies of Gouraud and Berthelot, assisted by the Second and Thirty-sixth American Divisions had advanced north of Reims. And the Americans had swept the Germans out of the Argonne Forest. In short, Foch had won the great fight for the Hindenburg Line.

This great fight, which was begun by the Americans and French on September 26, 1918, and which practically ended on or about October 5, 1918, when the British broke through the Cambrai-St. Quentin front, may be looked upon as one of the great steps in that greatest of all battles in the world's history, which began with Foch's counter offensive of July 18, 1918, and did not end until the armistice of November 11, 1918, and which has been appropriately named by General Malleterre of the French army, The Battle of Liberation.

The fact that for more than four years the Germans had held the Hindenburg Line against repeated and determined efforts of the Allies to take it; and then within ten days in the fall of 1918 had lost it; leads one to inquire, how it was that Foch accomplished all this in so short a time? It was not that the Germans had shown any diminution in their fighting qualities; for they had never fought harder or more desperately. How then did he win such success? The answer is that he won it by his tank attacks; by the superior morale of his troops, which had been enormously increased by previous victories; by taking advantage of the strategy of the situation to attack the Germans in such directions as to threaten their communications; by continuing to maintain the offensive after he had assumed it in his great counter attack of July 18, 1918; and by hard blows and terrific fighting all along the line.

The tanks were an enormous help in breaking through the barb-wire entanglements and defenses of the Hindenburg Line, and in putting the machine guns out of action.

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Indeed, they were of such immense help that it may with truth be said that without them the Hindenburg Line probably would never have been taken. This leads to the conjecture that if Germany had been as successful in developing this implement of war as were the Allies, the tanks on either side would to a great extent have neutralized each other; in which case the Germans most probably would have been able to hold the line, since, even with the help of the tanks, the Allies were able to break through only after the hardest fighting—fighting which involved enormous sacrifices of life.

There were in this war many surprising things relating to weapons of combat; but there was none, perhaps, more surprising than that the deciding factor in this great battle was the tank, an implement of destruction which no man had ever dreamed of prior to the war, and which was not developed until long after the war's beginning nor perfected until just a few months before its close.

The morale of the Allied soldiers at this stage of the campaign was at its highest. Their victories already won had aroused in them great enthusiasm. Obstacles, which a few weeks before might have seemed insurmountable, appeared, after these victories, insignificant to them. Their hopes had arisen; their blood had quickened; they had begun to feel that nothing could check them in their victories, nothing stop them in their progress.

Marshal Foch saw deeply into the strategy of the situation. Having ironed out all the German salients, he began operations against the Hindenburg Line with two powerful attacks on the flanks, which threatened at once the communications of the German armies occupying Northern France and Belgium; and he immediately followed these attacks with a great blow from the Cambrai-St. Quentin front, which threatened still further the German communications. The attack on the flanks made of the German line an immense salient and the attack between the flanks divided this immense salient into two salients. Where there were no salients, Foch attacked in such directions as to make them; where there was little vulnerability in the line, he attacked in such directions as to make it much more vulnerable. In each case he looked beyond the tactical victory into the strategy of the campaign. In each case he looked to the communications of the enemy. Every thrust

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and nearly every attack from the beginning of his counter offensive against the Chateau Thierry salient to the driving of the Germans out of and beyond the Hindenburg Line were in such directions as to cut or threaten the communications of the enemy and produce important strategical results. Even when, as in the Argonne, the tactical difficulties were greater than along any other portion of the line, yet he chose this sector from which to make the great American thrust, knowing that a break through here would produce the greatest strategical results. Indeed, a break in the line here and an advance to Sedan and Mezieres would have necessitated the immediate withdrawal of the Germans from Northern France and Belgium, regardless of whether there were any successful attacks made along other portions of the Hindenburg Line. In fact, if when the Americans and French had reached Sedan and Mezieres, the Germans had still held the Hindenburg Line, from, say, midway between Reims and St. Quentin northward through St. Quentin, Cambrai, and Lens to Nieuport, their position, strategically, would have been much more dangerous than it was on the day of the armistice, when they were occupying a line approximately parallel to this, but some forty miles farther eastward. The reason for this is, that the Germans at the time of the armistice, being some forty miles nearer the line of the Meuse than they would have been along the Hindenburg Line from the vicinity of St. Quentin northward to the coast, were in a much more favorable position for withdrawing behind that river before their communications were severed. Or, to state the reason a little differently, the Americans and French at Sedan and Mezieres were much nearer Namur on the Charleroi-Namur-Liege-Aix-le-Chapelle railway than the Germans would have been along the Hindenburg Line northward from St. Quentin.

However, it should not be inferred from this reasoning that Foch's attacks along other portions of the Hindenburg Line than the Meuse-Argonne front were unnecessary. On the contrary, they were necessary and of the greatest importance, for without these attacks to hold the enemy in front, the Germans would have been able to mass such overwhelming forces in the Meuse-Argonne region as to prevent any Allied advance there, which would have put a stop to the carrying out of Foch's strategical plan.

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From July 18, 1918, when Foch began his great counter-offensive, until the Armistice of November 11, the fighting on the Western front never ceased. It was one continuous battle composed of many smaller battles, in which Foch having got the offensive at the start continued to maintain it to the end. He was a thorough believer in offensive warfare. He knew that the *offensive alone promises decisive results.*

Ludendorff also believed in the offensive; but there was this difference between them. Ludendorff made long pauses between his thrusts, which gave the French time in each case to prepare for the next attack; and, finally, gave Foch time to prepare for his great counter offensive of July 18.

On the other hand, Foch, once having obtained the offensive, struck so rapidly and in such unexpected places that Ludendorff had no time to restore his shattered armies and prepare for offensive operations. In the rapidity with which Foch struck and in the persistency with which he continued to maintain the offensive, his operations were very similar to those of Bonaparte in his first Italian campaign.

Then, again, this striking in many places—this attacking all along the line—prevented Ludendorff from concentrating his reserves in great numbers upon menaced points, since the weakening of any portion of his line for that purpose might allow the Allies to break through along that front. This method of preventing the sending of reserves to threatened or menaced points was one which General Grant had employed with signal success in the great Civil War in America. Bearing in mind that the commander-in-chief of the Allied armies not only hammered away continuously on the Western front from July 18 until November 11, but was responsible in great measure for the active operations of the Allied armies in Palestine and, especially, in the Balkans during this period, there will be seen a great similarity between the strategy of Foch and that of our own great soldier, U. S. Grant. Indeed, the following extracts from General Grant's report of the operations during the time he was Commander-in-Chief of the United States armies in the Civil War might be used almost word for word to describe accurately Marshal Foch's strategy. Grant says:

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From an early period in the rebellion I had been impressed with the idea that active and continuous operations of all the troops that could be brought into the field, regardless of season and weather, were necessary to a speedy termination of the war. . . . I therefore determined, first: to use the greatest number of troops practicable against the armed force of the enemy; preventing him from using the same force at different seasons against first one and then another of our armies, and the possibility of repose for refitting and producing necessary supplies for carrying on resistance. Second, to hammer continuously against the armed force of the enemy and his resources, until by mere attrition, if in no other way, there should be nothing left to him but an equal submission with the loyal section of our common country to the constitution and laws of the land.

In other respects, too, was Marshal Foch very much like General Grant. In campaign and battle both were distinguished for good judgment, clearness of vision, and coolness of head. Not to be anxious; not to change countenance; not to be perturbed by unfavorable events, nor to be puffed up by victory; to be always cool and collected; to avoid confusion in commands; to give orders in the midst of battle with perfect composure, these were some of the similar, distinguishing characteristics of these two great soldiers.

(*To Be Continued.*)

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# THE HAND-PICKED JOB

## AN INCIDENT IN THE WORK OF THE STATE POLICE—II

BY KATHERINE MAYO

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As Annie passed the company store, two other little girls, Anna Urish and Anna Bartosovech, Highland neighbors of her own age, joined her, and the three together trudged ahead.

For a time—till beyond Drifton—they followed the railway track. It was safest there, their parents said—more travelled—more in common view. Then, when they must, they struck out on the short-cut foot-path up the hill toward Highland—a narrow path, so that they walked in single file, Annie between the two.

To little children it seemed a sort of magic way, this narrow path, with its shouldering rocks, its miniature forests of scrub-pine, its seas of leafless huckleberry brush, its great round cushions of moss. And there, too, like a hungry dragon, lay always crouching, waiting, biding its hour, the Big Mine Cave—that yawning, black-jawed abyss, where the surface of the earth had fallen away revealing the jagged throat of galleries that, so the grown-ups said, led for tens of miles, hither and yon, no one knew where, under ground.

Today, as ever, they neared the cavern with tense nerves. Kobolds, may be,—ghosts—demons from below. It was so deep, so wide, so dark,—may be the mouth of Hell. And no human soul in sight but only they themselves. Such little children! And how fast came the dusk!

Anna Urish, file-closer, looking ahead, felt her heart turn to ice. There trudged the others, steadily on. But—but—they looked so very small—and the mouth of the cave so deep, so dark! Surely it only bided its hour!

Down in the moss at her feet the four green, shining leaves of a winter-green plant caught her eye. Maybe its

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pungent tang would give her heart. She knelt to pick it, as for an instant it evaded her chilled fingers among a mass of twigs.

In that instant, a shriek—a quivering cry of terror, almost stopped her breath.

She sprang up. There, just ahead, little Annie Voichek struggled with something in the form of a man.

Again the scream—cruel—unbearable.

Anna Urish, with no thought in her mind but utter panic, turned her back and ran. Anna Bartosovech, giving just one rearward glance, fled in the opposite way. Little Annie Voichek, alone, struggled for her life—for she knew not what dearer than life—alone in that lonely path.

The grip had first clutched at her neck, from behind, snapping her head back so that spots of color dazzled her eyes. Yet somehow she broke loose from it, darting blindly ahead with outstretched arms. Again it seized her, and once again she escaped. Then a third time it struck, this unknown, unseen thing, catching her by the skirts, so that she fell on her back, while something closed about her throat, pinning her to the ground.

"If this is a devil from out of Hell," thought little Annie Voichek, heroine, "I must look him straight in the face and say my prayer."

So she opened her brown eyes wide.

Grinning down at her—so close that she felt its breath in her mouth—was a thing with the face of a man. He knelt above her. And while with one hand he pinioned her throat, with the other he fumbled at her breast. Little Annie Voichek looked him square between the eyes, and began her prayer.

He fumbled at her breast, and at last, with a jerk and a rending of cloth, tore free the precious envelope that she had so carefully pinned within. Half rising he thrust it somewhere away, then, grinning still more evilly, bent over her once again. But little Annie Voichek never took her eyes from his face. If she should live a hundred years she would always be able to see that face. And all the while her lips moved softly, slowly.

For it always helps you remember whose little girl you are, you know, and Who is taking care of you all the while, if you just keep calm, quite calm, and say your prayer very slow.

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And with that, praise be to our Blessed Lady forever and ever, the creature suddenly threw back his head as though he had heard an alarm, stared away far down the path, and, with a terrible oath on his lips, leaped aside and disappeared into the black mouth of the pit.

So little Annie Voichek, holding her tattered frock together, ran as fast as her feet would carry her straight home and into her father's arms.

When Voichek had heard all the story she sobbed out, first he took his wife by the hand while they two, kneeling before the crucifix on the wall, gave thanks. Then, with a face white as death he walked out of the house.

Two hours later, Voichek came back, moving slowly, with drooping shoulders, like a man weighted with grief. Entering the room, he sank down by the table and buried his head in his arms.

After awhile the wife went over and touched him gently. "What is it, then?" she asked.

So he told her, in husky jerks.

He had been to the constable, he said. The constable would do what he could—whatever that might be.

But his friends—the other men—the men whose checks little Annie had carried together with his own—*they did not believe the child had been robbed!*

"What—what *do* they believe?" gasped the mother, already in her stricken heart knowing the truth.

*"They believe that you and I have taken all that money for ourselves, and that we have taught our Annie to lie!"*

And so those two that day passed into a torment whose fire had never ceased to burn in all the eight long years.

Neighbors, once friendly and trusting, thereafter passed them by with side-long eyes. Groups broke up at their approach, or drew so close together that no room remained for so much as a greeting word. No one openly said to them "Thief!" No one quite dared. Not even the men whose own money was gone—their part of the $159, that great sum, standing for so much hard toil. But, more cruel than any bitter word, stung the silent accusation of their world.

The constable had sought for the robber. Yes. So they had been told. But nothing, no one, had been found. And now, after all these years, there had been changes in the community, of course. Families had moved away. Other



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families had come. The story had smouldered low—sometimes it seemed almost died out. And still now and again the embers glowed. Oh! the pain! the pain!

"And Annie?" asked the Corporal.

"Yes—our Annie—our little girl. Ah! if you knew how my man loved that one! How he had worked and planned for her—for all he wanted for her in this big country where all that is good is free! But that black cloud that swallowed all our life took our Annie too. That very day it settled over her. And she, who should have grown up—so different, was—was more and more—changed—from that time on. So—oh, you *couldn't* really wonder at what happened, could you? She—she—she left us. Just before she was seventeen years old."

Tears flooded the mother's cheeks. With twitching lips she seemed to await the Corporal's reply.

"Where did she go?" he asked, beneath his voice.

The woman murmured a broken phrase.

For an instant the Corporal dropped his gaze. Then, rising, he took her hand.

"Forgive me," he said, a little hoarsely. "You were right. It *is* too late. Goodbye—and—may Heaven forgive us all!"

But, as he tramped down the road, scattering the ducks, the hens and the puppies, exciting the round-faced towheads at the gates, his mind of a State Police officer began to work again. Too late? Was it ever too late to reach after Justice, however remote, however apart she seemed to stand? Who had been village constable eight years back? That much he remembered, having learned it in his early survey of the past: It was Mike Deramme.

So away to Mike Deramme he hastened now.

"Mike," said he. "You remember that case eight years past come next November, when a little Polish girl, Annie Voichek by name, was robbed of a bunch of pays, over between Highlands and Drifton, on her way home from Jeddo?"

"Why—yes," answered Mike. "I guess I know what you mean."

"Who did it?"

"Well, I always thought, myself, the Whistler done it."

"The Whistler?"

"Yep. Seems like I'd partly forgotten the thing, it's

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all so long ago. But its comin' back to me now. There was this Hunky miner hunted me up one afternoon. See? And he said his little girl had been robbed of this here bunch of pays out near Drifton Park, like you say. So I hustled across. And right *at* the Park I lit onto two boys, that had just come down off the mountain. And I ask the boys if they'd met anybody over there. And they said yes, they met the Italian Whistler on the mountain. And they said the Whistler told 'em, 'If you two don't get out quick, I'll kill you in your tracks.'

"Then I went on to Jeddo and seen the company cashier. And he told me that that very afternoon, while he was giving the little girl the cash, the Whistler had been standing by, looking on."

"And who was the Whistler?"

"Oh, everybody called him that. He was a Wop that could whistle so well that they hired him off and on, to whistle solos with a band. Alfonso Passo's his real name."

"Alfonso Passo. Well, and then what did you do?"

"I searched around the mountain and didn't find nothing. Then I come to Freeland and went to the house where the Whistler lived, to arrest him. But he wasn't there. Then I began hunting for him—hunted for four or five weeks and couldn't see him at all. And that was the end of it.

"Oh, at the time I reckon I *could* have located him,—maybe in Berwick, where he belonged to a band, maybe somewheres else. But there wasn't any funds to pay my expenses travelling around, see? Constables don't have no such. So, I had to let him go."

"Did you ever see him again?"

"Why, I seen him right here in Freeland only three or four months ago. But of course I didn't arrest him then; wasn't constable any more."

"Why didn't you put Mike Laputka wise to it—let him do the trick?"

"Never once thought of such a thing. He was constable, not me, wasn't he? 'Twasn't my funeral. I didn't bother my head about it—didn't give it a thought."

Corporal Freeman groaned. "And yet, you're a good man, Mike,—a very good man, as everybody knows," he said.

Then he struck a bee-line for the Freeland Central

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Hotel. Looking down the tilted council chairs in the office windows, he fixed an eye on Frank Malloy, prosperous tailor and County Detective, and beckoned him out.

"Frank," he murmured. "You come with me. I've a story to tell you."

Rough-hewn and brief though that story was, when it came to its end something very like tears stood in Malloy's unaccustomed eyes.

"Leave me in on this here," he growled—"it's the least you can do after tearin' a man's heart out by the roots. Come on. We'll tackle the job together."

And they did.

Their first step they took that very Monday night,—a step that should save leeway for whatever might come thereafter;—they lodged before Justice James Malloy an information of highway robbery against Alfonso Passo, just being released from jail. And Justice James Malloy held Alfonso Passo on that charge, committing him without bail.

The trial fell on November 21st, just fifty-one days later, before Judge Peter O'Boyle, of the Luzerne County Court of Common Pleas, sitting at Wilkes-Barre. And in those fifty-one days Frank Malloy worked hard. But Corporal Freeman worked, nay, slaved, by day and by night, in season and out of season, with all his heart and mind and soul and strength. And he covered a deal of ground.

For the picture of a baby girl alone in the dusk in a solitary place, struggling with a demon at the mouth of a cave, had taken possession of his whole being. And the name of her present lot—that last word wrung from her mother's quivering lips—had sealed him to her cause of retribution, justice, mercy, as surely as any accolade of Arthur's blade.

No need, here, to go into the details of the trial. The attorneys for the defense fought a skillful fight, stiff and long. But the case of the State Police was perfect—so truly perfect, measured even by their own strict standard, that the Judge himself, as he afterward confessed, half thought something might be wrong.

"Never before, in all my long observation of State Police officers in my court," said Judge O'Boyle, "had I seen one who seemed, as did this particular officer, this Corporal Freeman, personally desirous to convict the accused. Ordinarily their bearing is entirely impersonal,

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colorless. They incline to give the prisoner all the benefit of any doubt. But this man told his story with a positiveness, an almost vehemence, so extraordinary—he replied to all questions and cross examinations with an accuracy so exact, that his attitude created a suspicion in my mind. Yet, while I did my best to discover in him any motive, any tendency to tinge his testimony, I could find no trace of that at all. Evidently the simple truth was that he had so thoroughly cleared his own mind, so convinced himself of a wrong to right, and so solidly built his case that he was incapable of slipping in it anywhere."

Mike Laputka took the stand, Frank Malloy, Justice Malloy, Mike Deramme, the Passos, man and wife—the last, of course, called by the defense. Examinations. Cross-examinations. Recalls.

The whole thing, contended the defense, took its rise, the whole charge originally rested, on the wife's testimony against her husband, given on a Sunday afternoon fifty-two days ago. And the law holds that a wife may not testify against her husband.

Indisputably a wife may not testify against her husband, in court. But—and here the Court underscored both the legal knowledge and the quick wit of the State Police officer—Corporal Freeman, on that Sunday afternoon fifty-two days ago, being present for quite another purpose, and seeing the wife about to bear witness against her husband, had stopped her short *until he had brought into the room her husband himself.* So that Jennie Passo's story of her husband's crime of highway robbery had been told unsolicited, and not only in the presence of a County Detective and of a State Police officer, but also in the presence of the accused man himself. And the accused, fully hearing and being challenged to reply, had by silence acquiesced in the truth of the charge. Thus, by wisdom, was inadmissible testimony transformed into positive evidence.

The defense showed the wanderings of the man—showed that although he had fled back to New York, after his one night's return to Freeland, in November, 1909; although he had since lived in Brooklyn, in Florida, in Connecticut, he had also, in that period, sojourned in Berwick, in Pittston, and in other Pennsylvania towns, whether as a musician, or as a laborer of sorts. Therefore, argued the defense, the Statute of Limitations freed him. It had run

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against him for more than five years, and the matter was outlawed now. Would the Court so charge the jury?

No. For the Court held that a man who, being under charge of crime committed in a given community, and being sought therefor by officers of the peace, flees that community, remains in practical hiding and returns only by stealth, cannot thereby acquire the shelter of the law.

Through it all, Alfonso Passo sat in his place, smug, self-conscious, nonchalant. At their best they could not identify their robber. After so many years there was certainly no one to do that. So what did it matter to him what else they proved, or ruled, or quarrelled or gossiped about! He ran his long, slender fingers through his curls, stroked his sweeping moustache, flashed his small, bright eyes in smiling, side-wise glances. Some vain little "bohemian" lady-killer, he looked, some dripper of idiotic verse, some sort of musical cheap-john—but a coal miner, a laborer, even a respectable highwayman, never in the world.

Jennie, his wife, all her ephemeral courage spent, took the stand in his defense. Her testimony was meant to prove his title to freedom under the Statute of Limitations. She answered counsel's questions like a well-trained machine. The multitudinous family flittings fell from her tongue with a dry, mechanical click. Through it all glared the fact that her very life was at stake.

And yet, as she began to speak, the husband flung up his hand and made before her some lightning gesture that only an Italian could read. As she saw it, her face turned ghastly. Her voice failed. For a moment she seemed about to faint.

Again this Passo, with his side-long eyes and his sleek, secretive smile, stroked his great moustache, apparently content. Content, for his wife was his terrified serf. And today he occupied his public's view. Tonight his picture would be in the papers, may be. And at their best they could never identify their robber. There was certainly no one to do that.

Then, of a sudden, fell a curious pause. Frank Malloy back among the crowd, began to breath hard. Corporal Freeman, in front, started into space with inexpressive gaze, sitting as straight as Rameses at Aboo Simbel. But does Rameses at Aboo Simbel hear the hammering of his pulse? A kind of electric current without apparent source

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swept through the place, carrying with it an inexplicable hush.

Mr. Turner, prosecutor for the Commonwealth, had said some little thing—few, if any, heard what. The Clerk of the Court had spoken. No one had caught the words. And yet something was going to happen. Now. The very doors and benches must have felt as much as that—the very gavel, in its wooden heart.

Some door opened. Some little stir arose. People turned to look.

A slight, black-robed figure, a woman with bowed head, was floating down the room. A veil completely hid her face. She reached the witness-stand, and turned to confront the Judge. A nun.

They brought her the Bible. She laid her hand upon it, and, with a spirit new to that court, raised her eyes in reverence as she repeated the words of the oath. Then they saw her countenance—and from all over the crowded room rose a little rustling sound—the intake of breath.

To attempt to tell in words how beautiful she was—*is*—seems in itself almost a sacrilege. One would rather think of the sweetest saint ever drawn by the most ethereal of all the Primitives, and say: Such was his vision when he painted this.

Her face was the face of a young angel born in Paradise and knowing naught beyond the gardens of God. From the day of her birth, you would say, the Blessed Lady herself must have held her in special keeping. No thought or word but of happy praise untroubled could ever have reached her ears or touched her soul. Innocence, peace, obedience, ignorance of the world, and a sort of luminous child-angel blessedness, softly shone from where she stood. Yes, that is no fancy phrasing, but the simple truth concerning her—the simple, literal, unornamented truth.

No one had time to think. There were lumps in men's throats, clouds over men's eyes, in men's hearts sudden imperative stirrings of that eternal Presence that never denies the countersign to Divine Love. If a habited nun had ever before appeared in a criminal court no one recalled it. The very fact itself was sensational. Yet it was not that, but rather her tender, intimate perfection, her look of the very essence of innocence, revealed for a moment by gracious favor of the cradling Hand, that broke

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men's hearts as, forgetting themselves and the world around, they gazed at her.

She was twenty years old, she said, answering the questions of the Prosecutor like an exquisite child, full of gentle humility. Eight years ago she had lived in her parents' home—at— Highlands. Her name—had been Annie Voichek.

And then, led by the queries of the attorney, she told in quiet, careful words, without resentment, without heat, without the slightest echo of personal feeling, all the history of the black November day in 1909.

As cross-examination began, such of the audience as was aware of its surroundings felt a sort of anxious, warning tension contract all nerves. The defence was observing a courtesy rare in practice—was beyond reproach. And yet, when it put a question designed to confuse, it was big Frank Malloy, himself, that hardened citizen, who with a curse in his teeth, half rose from his seat, his two fists clenched and his chin thrust out like the prow of a battleship.

Mike Lupotka, beside him, laid a hasty hand on his arm. Justice Malloy, from the other side, leaned over with a soothing word:

"Steady, there, Frank. Remember,—it's his privilege."

But Malloy's eyes were wet, and Malloy's voice shook with single-minded rage as he ripped back:

"Let him have a care—damn him! Let him give the blessed little saint up there the first mean word out of him —and—*there's Irish in this room will smash his nut.*"

But now, the one great question:

By any chance, after so long an interval, could she possibly identify the man?

Describing that pitiful day so long ago, she had told the court of her steady, purposeful gaze into the face of her assailant—into the face of that unknown being that had attacked her by the Cave. Five minutes it had lasted, perhaps? Yes. It had seemed as much as that.

But never, she affirmed, had she seen him since. And eight long years had gone between.

"Do you see that man in this place today?" Slowly and clearly the Prosecutor's question sounded through the chamber.

The nun raised her beautiful eyes, for the first time look-

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ing around the room. Then her gaze lowered to her own clasped hands. Standing quite motionless, her stately draperies flowing around her, she made no reply.

Alfonso Passo, with the mastery of feature common to his kind, had cleared his face of every sign of concern. He might have been the most casual stranger to the case, killing time where he sat, till this dull matter should have run its course. Even those close by him could observe no trace of anxiety in his bearing—no sign to distinguish him from any other of the many Italians in the room.

"Do you see that man in this place today?" Slowly and Prosecutor repeated.

Still no answer.

Then Judge O'Boyle himself, leaning forward in his chair, asked gently:

"Do you understand the question?"

With a catch of the breath, she looked up at the Judge and her look and her way were full of childlike appeal.

"Yes, sir, I understand," she replied. "But will what I answer now—will it—*condemn*—that man?"

"You must answer, yes or no. Do you see the man in this place today?"

Three things now clearly declared themselves concerning her: First, that she felt in its full weight the solemn responsibility so squarely laid upon her shoulders; second, that she shrank with the strongest reluctance from the chance of hurting the prisoner or any creature; and third, that she would loyally obey the court and tell the whole truth if so commanded.

For an instant she bowed her head, while her lips moved faintly. Then she looked up, calm, sure, straight across the room to where Passo yawned and lounged.

"*There is the man,*" she said.

With one horrible, shapeless howl, like a wild beast trapped, Alfonso Passo, robber, covered his face with his hands.

In point of word and form there was more to the case, of course. But not one other thing in point of fact. Nothing could shake the State's case. The Jury withdrew merely in order to hasten back. The Judge, in due season, gave sentence with a peculiar, clear-cut zest. And those who heard him felt, rejoicing, that his comments added the last ripe touch to a perfect thing.

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Mrs. Voichek, over in the little red house on Highland hill, sat with happy tears running down her cheeks.

"Thank God," she sobbed, "we can all hold up our heads again. Our good name is cleared at last."

And she told once more how her twelve-year old Annie, after that one bad hour, the root of all the sorrow of the years to come, had more and more withdrawn from the common life until, at last, they had had to give her up—to let her go, into the seclusion for which she yearned.

But Corporal Freeman, working late that night with brush, sponge and curry comb over in "B" Troop stables, felt somehow vaguely sad. So, as men will, he took occasion to unburden his heart to his closest friend.

"Boston," he whispered, into one silky-brown, sharp-pricked ear. "Stop your nuzzling. This isn't sugar I'm giving you, but facts, and the sooner you swallow them, the happier you'll be. So listen here: *You and I have got to come down to brass tacks and common casualties, now.* And our business is, not to hand-pick jobs but to tackle the whole darn bunch. Most likely we'll never even see another Baby Saint, you and me. All the same, when *she* lays her little head on the pillow tonight, she won't have a worry left in the world. God bless her! *Boston, aren't you proud?*"

KATHERINE MAYO.

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# BAUDELAIRE AND HIS LETTERS

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

## I

IN their later work all great poets use foreshortening. They get greater subtlety by what they omit, and suggest to the imagination. Browning, in his later period, suggests to the intellect, and to that only. Hence his difficulty, which is not a poetic difficulty; not a cunning simplification of method like that of Shakespeare, who gives us no long speeches of undiluted undramatic poetry, but poetry everywhere like life-blood.

Browning's whole life was divided equally between two things: love and art. He subtracted nothing from the one by which to increase the other; between them they occupied his whole nature; in each he was equally supreme. *Men and Women,* and the love-letters, are the double swing of the same pendulum; at the centre sits the soul, impelled and impelling. Outside these two forms of his greatness Browning had none, and one he concealed from the world. It satisfied him to exist as he did, knowing what he was. and showing no more of himself to those about him than the outside of a courteous gentleman. Nothing in him blazed through, in the uncontrollable manner of those who are most easily recognized as great men. His secret was his own, and still, to many, remains so.

"His secret," I have said, "was his own, and still, to many, remains so." Exactly the same thing must be said of Baudelaire. He lived, and died, secret; and the man remains baffling, and will probably never be discovered. But, in most of his printed letters, he shows only what he cares to reveal of himself at a given moment. In the letters, there is much more of the nature of Confessions. Several of his letters to his mother are heart-breaking; as

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in his agonized effort to be intelligible to her; his horror of her curé; his shame in pawning her Indian shawl; his obscure certainty that the work he is doing is of value and that he ought not to feel shame. Then comes his suggestion that society should adjust these difficult balances. Again, in his ghastly confession that he has sent Jeanne only seven francs in three months; that he is as tired of her as of his own life: there is shown a tragic gift for self-observation and humble truthfulness. It would have taken a very profound experience of life to have been a good mother to Baudelaire: or she should have had a wiser curé. Think of the curé burning the only copy of *Les Fleurs du Mal* that Baudelaire had left in " papier d'Hollande," and the mother acquiescing!

I give two quotations which certainly explain themselves, if they do not explain Baudelaire:

> I must leave home and not return there except in a more natural state of mind. I have just been re-writing an article. The affair kept me so long that when I went out I had not even the courage to return, and so the day was lost. Last week I had to go out and sleep for two days and nights in a hideous little hotel because I was spied on. I went out without any money for the simple reason that I had none.
>
> Imagine my perpetual laziness, which I hate profoundly, and the impossibility of going out on account of my perpetual want of money. After I had been seeking money for three days, on Monday night, exhausted with fatigue, with weariness and with hunger, I went into the first hotel I came on, and since then I have had to remain there, and for certain reasons. I am nearly devoured, eaten, by this enforced idleness.

In a letter written in Brussels, March 9th, 1868, he says: " I have announced the publication of three fragments: *Chateaubriand et la Dandysme littéraire, La Peinture didactique,* and *Les Fleurs du Mal jugées par l'auteur lui-même.* I shall add to these a refutation of an article of Janin, one on *Henri Heine et le jeunesse des poètes,* and the refutation of *La Préface de la vie de Jules César par Napoléon III.*" Besides these on the cover of his *Salon de 1848* are announced: *De la poesie moderne; David, Guérin et Gerodet, Les Limbes, Catechism de la femme aimée.* On the paper cover of my copy of his *Théophile Gautier* (1861), under the title of "*Sous Presse,*" are announced: *Opium et Haschisch, ou l'Idéal Artificiel* (which was printed in 1860 as *Les Paradis Artificiels: Opium et Haschisch*), *Curiosités Esthètiques* (which were

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printed in 1868); *Notices littéraires;* and *Machiavel et Condorcet, dialogue philosophique.* Of these *Les Limbes* appeared as *Les Fleurs du Mal* (1857); *Les Notices littéraires* at the end of *L'Art Romantique* (1868); none of the others were printed, nor do I suppose he had even the time to begin them.

He might have written on Machiavelli a prose dialogue, as original, from the French point of view, as one of Landor's Imaginary Conversations. Both had that satirical touch which can embody the spirit of an age or of two men in conversation. Both had a creative power and insight equal to that of the very greatest masters; both had the power of using prose with a perfection which no stress of emotion is allowed to discompose. Only it seems to me that Baudelaire might have made the sinister genius, the calculating cold observation, of Machiavelli, who wrote so splendidly on Cesare Borgia, give vent to a tremendous satire on priests and Kings and Popes after the manner of Rabelais or of Aristophenes.

It is lamentable to think how many things Baudelaire never did or never finished. One reason might have been his laziness, his sense of luxury, and above all his dissatisfaction with certain things he had hoped to do, and which, likely enough, a combination of poverty and of nerves prevented him from achieving. And as he looks back on the general folly incident to all mankind—his *bête noire*—on his lost opportunities, on his failures, a sack of cobwebs, a pack of gossamers, wave in the air before his vision; and he wonders why he himself has not carved his life as those fanciful things have their own peculiar way of doing.

Baudelaire was inspired to begin *Mon Coeur mis à nu* in 1863, by this paragraph he had read in Poe's *Marginalia,* printed in New York in 1856: "If an ambitious man have a fancy to revolutionize, at one effort, the universal world of human thought, human opinion, and human sentiment, the opportunity is his own—the road to immortal renown lies straight open and unemcumbered before him. All that he has to do is to write and publish a very little book. Its title should be simple—a few plain words—*My Heart laid Bare.*"

With all his genius, Poe was never able to write a book of Confessions, nor was Baudelaire ever able to finish his. Poe, who also died tragically young, throws out a sinister

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hint in these last words: "No man *could* write it, even if he dared. The paper would shrivel and blaze at every touch of the fiery pen."

Baudelaire's Confessions are meant to express his most inmost convictions, his most sacred memories, his hates and rages, the manner in which his sensations and emotions have fashioned themselves in his waking self; to declare that he is a stranger to the world and to the world's cults; to express, also, as he says: *ce livre tout rêvé sera un livre de rancunes.* It cannot in any sense be compared with the Confessions of Saint Augustine, of Rousseau, of Cellini, of Casanova. Still, Baudelaire had none of Rousseau's cowardice, none of Cellini's violent exultations over himself and the things he created; none of Casanova's looking back over his past life and his adventures: those of a man who did not live to write, but wrote because he had lived and when he could live no longer.

In Baudelaire's notes there is something that reminds me of Browning's lines:

> Men's thoughts and loves and hates!
> Earth is my vineyard, these grew there;
> From grapes of the ground, I made or marred
> My vintage.

For so much in these studies in sensations are the product of a man who has both made and marred his prose and poetical vintage. He analyses some of his hideous pains; and I cannot but believe—I quote these words from a letter I have received from a man of sensitive nerves—that he may have felt: "it *is* so beautiful to emerge after the bad days that one is almost glad to have been through them, and I can quite truthfully say I am glad to have pain—it makes one a connoiseur in sensations, and we only call it pain because it is something that we don't understand." Without having suffered intensely no poet can be a real poet; and without passion no poet is supreme. And these lines of Shelley are not only meant for himself, but for most of us who are artists:

> One who was as a nerve over which do creep
> The else unfelt oppressions of this earth.

There is also something Browning says of Shelley which might be applied to Baudelaire's later years: "the body, enduring tortures, refusing to give repose to the bewildered

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soul, and the laudanum bottle making but a perilous and pitiful truce between these two." He was also subject to that state of mind in which ideas may be supposed to assume the force of sensations, through the confusion of thought with the objects of thought, and excess of passion animating the creations of the imagination.

## II

How commonly we hear it remarked that such and such thoughts are beyond the compass of words! I do not believe that any thought, properly so called, is out of the reach of language. I fancy, rather, that where difficulty in expression is experienced there is, in the intellect which experiences it, a want either of deliberateness or of method. For my own part, I have never had a thought which I could not set down in words, with even more distinctness than that with which I conceived it: for thought is logicalized by the effort at written composition. There is, however, a class of fancies, of exquisite delicacy, which are not thoughts, and to which, as yet, I have found it absolutely impossible to adapt language. Yet, so entire is my faith in the power of words, that at times I have believed it possible to embody even the evanescences of fancies such as I have described. Could one actually do so,—which would be to have done an original thing,—such words might have compelled the heaven into the earth.

Some of these qualities Baudelaire finds in Gautier; to my mind there are many more of these strange and occult qualities to be found in Baudelaire himself. I have said somewhere that there is no such thing, properly speaking, as a "natural" style; and it is merely ignorance of the mental process of writing which sometimes leads one to say that the style of Swift is more natural than that of Ruskin. Pater said to me at Oxford that his own *Imaginary Portraits* seemed to him the best written of his books, which he qualified by adding: "It seems to me the most *natural.*" I think then he was begining to forget that it was not natural to him to be natural.

Gautier had a way of using the world's dictionary whose leaves, blown by an unknown wind, always opened so as to let the exact word leap out of the pages, adding the appropriate shades. Both writers had an innate sense of "correspondences" and of a universal symbolism, when

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the "sacredness" of every word defends one from using it in a profane sense. To realize the central secret of the mystics, from Protagoras onwards, the secret which the Smaragdine Tablet of Hermes betrays in its "As things are below, so are they above"; which Boehme has classed in his teaching of "signatures"; and Swedenborg has systematised in his doctrine of "correspondences," one arrives at Gérard de Nerval, whose cosmical visions are at times so magnificent that he seems to be creating myths, as, after his descent into hell, he plays the part he imagines assigned to him in his astral influences.

Among these comes Hoffmann, in his *Kreisleriana,* that Baudelaire read in the French translation I have before me, printed in 1834, where he says: "The musician, whose sense of music is conscious, swims everywhere across floods of harmony and melody. This is no vain image, nor an allegory devoid of sense, such as composers use when they speak of colors, of perfumes, of the rays of the sun that appear like concords." "Color speaks," says Baudelaire, "in a voice evocatory of sorcery; animals and plants grimace; perfumes provoke correspondent thoughts and memories. And when I think of Gautier's rapidity in solving all the problems of style and of composition, I cannot help remembering a severe maxim that he let fall before me in one of his conversations: "Every writer who fails to seize any idea, however subtle and unexpected he supposes it to be, is not a writer. *L'Inéxprimable n'existe pas.*" And one has to beware of the sin of allegory, which spoils even Bunyan's prose. For the deepest emotion raised in us by allegory is a very imperfectly satisfied sense of the writer's ingenuity in overcoming a difficulty we should have preferred his not having attempted to overcome.

Then there is the heresy of instruction—*l'hérésie de l' enseignement*—which Poe and Baudelaire and Swinburne consider ruinous to art. Art for art's sake first of all; that a poem must be written for the poem's sake simply, from whatever instinct we have derived it; it matters nothing whether this be inspired by a prescient ecstasy of the beauty beyond the grave, or by some of that loveliness whose very elements appertain solely to eternity. Above all, Verlaine's: *Pas le couleur, rien que la nuance!*

The old war—not (as some would foolishly have it defined) a war between facts and fancies, reason and

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romance, poetry and good sense, but simply between imagination which apprehends the spirit of a thing and the understanding which dissects the body of a fact—the strife which can never be decided, was for Blake the most important question possible. Poetry or art based on loyalty to science is exactly as absurd (and no more) as science guided by art or poetry. Though indeed Blake wrought his *Marriage of Heaven and Hell* into a form of absolute magnificence, a prose fantasy full of splendid masculine thought and of a diabolical or infernal humor, in which hells and heavens change names and alternate through mutual annihilations, which emit an illuminating, devouring, and unquenchable flame; he never actually attained the incomparable power of condensing vapor into tangible and malleable form, of helping us to handle air and measure mist, which is so instantly perceptible in Balzac's genius, he who was not "a prose Shakespeare" merely, but rather perhaps a Shakespeare in all but the lyrical faculty.

I have sometimes amused myself by endeavoring to fancy what would be the fate of an individual gifted, or rather accursed, with an intellect very far superior to that of his race. Of course he would be conscious of his superiority; nor could he (if otherwise constituted as man is) help manifesting his consciousness. Thus he would make himself enemies at all points. And since his opinions and speculations would widely differ from those of all mankind, it is evident that he would be considered a madman. How horrible such a condition! Hell could invent no greater torture than that of being charged with abnormal weakness on account of being abnormally strong.

Even when Baudelaire expresses his horror of life, of how abject the world has become, how he himself is supposed to be "une anomalie," his sense of his own superiority never leaves him. He declares his thirst of glory, a diabolical thirst of fame and of all kinds of enjoyments, in spite of his "awful temperament, all ruse and violence"; and he can say: "I desire to live and to have self-content. Something terrible says to me *never,* and some other thing says to me *try. Moi-même, le boulevard m'effraye.*"

## III

Here are certain chosen confessions of Baudelaire:

For my misery I am not made like other men. I am in a state of



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spiritual revolt; I feel as if a wheel turns in my head. To write a letter costs me more time than in writing a volume. My desire for traveling returns on me furiously. When I listen to the tingling in my ears that causes me such trouble, I can't help admiring with what diabolical care imaginative men amuse themselves in multiplying their embarrassments. One of my chief preoccupations is to get the Manager of the Théâtre Porte-Saint-Martin to take back an actress execrated by his own wife—despite another actress who is employed in the theatre. . . .

I can't sleep much now, as I am always thinking. *Quand je dis que je dormirai, demain matin, vous devinerez de quel sommeil je veux parler.*

This makes me wonder what sort of sodden sleep he means. Probably the kind of sleep he refers to in his Epilogue to the *Poëmes en Prose,* addressed to Paris:

> Whether thou sleep, with heavy vapours full,
> Sodden with day, or, new apparelled, stand
> In gold laced veils of evening beautiful,
> I love thee, infamous city! Harlots and
> Hunted have pleasures of their own to give,
> The vulgar herd can never understand.

The question comes here: How much does Baudelaire give of himself in his letters? Some of his inner, some of his outer life; but for the most part, "in tragic hints." Yet in the whole of his letters he never gives one what Meredith does in *Modern Love.* That poem, published in 1862, remains Meredith's masterpiece, and will always remain so, beside certain things of Donne and of Browning: an astonishing feat in the vivisection of the heart in verse. It is packed with imagination, but with imagination of so nakedly human a kind that there is hardly an ornament, hardly an image, in the verse: it is like scraps of heart-broken talk, overheard and jotted down at random. These cruel and self-torturing lovers have no illusions, and their tragic hints are like a fine, pained mockery of love itself, as they struggle open-eyed against the blindness of passion. The poem laughs while it cries, with a double-mindedness more constant than that of Heine.

## IV.

The life of Baudelaire, like the lives of Balzac and of Villiers and of Verlaine, was one long labor, in which time, money and circumstances were all against him. "Sometimes," Balzac cries, "it seems to me that my brain is on fire. I shall die in the trenches of the intellect." It is his

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genius, his imagination, that are on fire, rather than his sleepless brain. This certainly Baudelaire never felt. Yet, in one sentence written in 1861, I find an agony not unlike Balzac's, but more material, more morbid: "La plûpart des temps, je me dis: si je vis, je vivrai toujours de même, en damné, et quand la mort naturelle viendra, je serai vieux, usé, passé de mode, criblé de dettes; ajoute à cela que je trouve souvent qui on ne me rend pas justice, et que je vois que tout réussit à souhait pour les sots." This, with his perpetual nervous terrors, his hallucinations, his drugs, his miseries, his women, his wine, his good and bad nights, his sense of poisonous people, his disorders, his excitability, his imagination that rarely leaves him, his inspiration that often varies, his phrase, after a certain despair: "Je me suis précipité dans le travail: alors j'ai reconnu que je n'avais perdu aucune faculté"; his discouragements, his sudden rages, not only against Jeanne, but when he just refrains from hitting a man's face with his stick: after all this, and after much more than this, I have to take his word when he says—not thinking of these impediments in his way—"What poets ought to do is to know how to escape from themselves."

ARTHUR SYMONS.

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# WHITMAN AND ANNE GILCHRIST

BY EDITH WYATT

THERE are certain phrases that haunt the memory like a bar of music: and, long after their notes are still, continue to paint the dream of a way of life upon the reader's imagination. Such a phrase occurs in Herbert Gilchrist's distinguished biography of his mother in a letter to her written by Samuel Palmer: "How often I think of your sweet house on the L'Allegro Upland among the green hills."

A natural dweller on L'Allegro Uplands, Anne Gilchrist has of late attracted public attention as the writer of those recently published letters of hers which express in part the episode of her passionate friendship for Walt Whitman—from the hour when the first notes of the Mystic Trumpeter sounded across the sea to her from the page of Rossetti's edition of his poetry, to the sorrowful day when Whitman wrote to her son:

> I have received your letter. Nothing now remains but a sweet and rich memory—none more beautiful all time, all life, all the earth—I cannot write anything of a letter to-day. I must sit alone and think.

One says that these letters express this episode in part; for although they blaze the trail for a long distance, they lead the reader finally into the trackless forest of conjecture.

Anne Gilchrist had the gift of a genius of character such as harmonized outward circumstance: so that to walk over the bright and cloud-dappled country of her earthly journey, to read the pages that tell us of her existence, in her son's Life of his mother, in her sincere and charming contributions to English criticism and biography, in her letters to Whitman and his to her, and in her American sketches, is like reading an original musical composition, but a composition which is incomplete, and does not contain the notation of all the movements the creator had in his soul.

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From Anne Gilchrist's early years one may observe certain likenesses between her spiritual outlook and Whitman's.

A child of the English gentry, the daughter of a London physician, she belonged from the beginning in the ranks of the lovers of "sober-suited freedom." Her idea of religious conduct was, as she says, that of leading "a brave and loving life." At eighteen, in her thoughtful girlhood on her mother's small estate in the Priory at Colne, she writes serenely to her friend, Julia Newton, who is troubled with questions of sectarian faith:

> I cannot help thinking you attach too much importance to creeds and doctrines. They are mere definitions after all: and definitions are better calculated to circumscribe truth, and bring it down to the narrow level of our half-awakened understandings, than to raise our minds to deep, devoted, life-giving comprehension of it.

Here indeed is a mental kinship with the poet then unknown to her who mentions it as a merit that he has "argued not concerning God": and tells us that "no array of terms can say how much I am at peace about God."

Anne Gilchrist is like Whitman, too, in her capacity for varied happiness. Married at twenty-three to Alexander Gilchrist, she writes to her confidante, Julia:

> Your friend is very happy, for she loves and is beloved by one who can fulfill her aspirations, realize her ideal of a true marriage, one who is her friend and helper, as well as her lover—I know not how to describe him to you, dear Julia, except by telling you that he is altogether, both in intellect and heart, great, noble and beautiful.

She enjoys trying to teach Jeannie Welsh Carlyle how to knead bread; she enjoys rambling through England helping to collect material for her husband's Life of Etty; she enjoys the Rossettis; she enjoys Samuel Palmer, the inimitable friend of Blake; she enjoys Blake's illustrations of the Book of Job; and writing an article on "Whales and Whalemen" for *Chambers' Magazine;* and taking care of her husband and children.

Widowed at thirty-three, with two little sons and two little daughters to care for on a tiny income, Anne Gilchrist looked back on ten years of hard work, of small means, a decade of married life rich in friendships, in happy memories, in a wonderful stimulation of her powers of appreciation.

Mrs. Gilchrist lived in the house she had taken at

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Brookbank on Palmer's L'Allegro Upland. The fragrance of honey-suckle blew about it. It was covered with white clematis, and filled with the lovely carved furniture collected by her taste and her husband's, in spite of their small means. A Joshua Reynolds, that George Eliot said she wanted to steal, hung over her fireplace. She possessed Blake's magnificent "Elijah in the Fiery Chariot." Connoisseurs speak of her "enriched walls." The cottage was on the Portsmouth Road, "upon a wide and spacious tract of downs, with every variety of little hill and plain to change their verdant surface."

Here Mrs. Gilchrist walked with Tennyson (she was a capital walker, making nothing of sixteen miles a day) and chose a house for him, and entertained Christina Rossetti and read Jean Ingelow and Fredericka Bremer, and brought up her children.

It was here at Brookbank, with its lovely interior in this place of sweeping downs and long walks and Tennysonian comment, that she read Rossetti's edition of Whitman's poems, presented to her by Madox-Brown. She says that since she has had the book she can read no other; that it holds her entirely spellbound, and that she goes through it again and again with deepening wonder.

It is not surprising that William Rossetti and Anne Gilchrist, who had known so deeply the intense democratic mysticism of the genius of Blake, should have responded fully to the greatest singer of the faith of democracy.

Mrs. Gilchrist's kindred view of formal creeds, her kindred love and intent of happiness, rendered her peculiarly susceptible to Whitman's poetry. She wrote to William Rossetti a letter of appreciation and admiration of the American poet, which Rossetti sent to Whitman, and afterwards with her consent published in the *Radical* as "An Englishwoman's Estimate of Walt Whitman."

Whitman replied to Rossetti that he was deeply touched by the sympathies and convictions of Mrs. Gilchrist, "coming from a woman and England," and that he had hitherto received no praise so magnificent as "this smiling *well-done* from the heart and conscience of a true wife and mother."

Whitman was about fifty at this time, a clerk in the Attorney-General's office in Washington; but older in many ways than his annual age would indicate, his health being

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broken by his war-time vigils. Already he was " the Good, Gray poet."

When Mrs. Gilchrist first read his poetry I believe she regarded him mainly as a great prophet. Prophet and poet were almost interchangeable terms to the student of Blake. Like the Scotch women who surrounded John Knox, she may have gradually mingled the worship of the prophet's religion with a rising devotion to the prophet as a human being, in her appreciation of Whitman's poetry. Some confusion of feeling a little like this seems to have happened to Mrs. Gilchrist in the next two years, when she suddenly wrote to the inspired author of *Democratic Vistas* (to me, at least, it appears sudden, and one can believe it must have appeared so to Whitman) of her passion for him as a man. Yet it is not quite like the feeling of those other Scotch prophet-lovers, for she had never been in his living presence. The remarkable feature of her letter is that all its emotion is poured forth with the utmost generosity, dignity, and nobility at the feet of her idea of Whitman, of an image purely air-drawn and of the mind. It is like a midsummer madness, or an autumnal madness, if you will.

Its divine mania descending upon her has none the less completely overcome her with its anguish. But:

> Out of its great anguish my love has risen stronger, more triumphant than ever; it cannot doubt, cannot fear, is strong, divine, immortal—This time last year when I seemed dying, I could have no secrets between me and my dear children. I told them of my love: told them all they could rightly understand.

As you read on, in spite of the beauty of her feeling, you cannot help believing her to be the victim of a species of self-hypnotization. She begins by telling Whitman the story of her marriage, to which she was persuaded, she says, by Gilchrist's devotion, and into which she entered without any " faintest gleam of true, tender, wifely love." Though they had a happy and a good life for ten short years, yet " to the last my soul dwelt apart and unmated."

The reader is bewildered. Of course if, as a thoughtful and conscientious girl, she unwisely decided to marry with a soul dwelling apart, she might better have dissembled to the world concerning the nature of her feeling for her husband. But why need she write to Julia Newton that she " loved and was beloved by one who could fulfil her aspirations, and realize her ideal of a true marriage, one who was

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altogether, both in intellect and heart, great, noble and beautiful"? Why did she unnecessarily write in her husband's memoir that he had a "heart that gave and took the utmost of happiness in domestic life," and tell her sister-in-law that she longed to be in the Surrey Hills because there her husband's spirit "speaks to me in every sweet scene; broods over the peaceful valleys, haunts the grand, wild, hill-tops, shines forth gloriously in setting sun and moon and stars"? Why did she liken her loss of him to Dante Gabriel Rossetti's loss of his intensely beloved wife of the Sonnets?

It may be suggested that all this was possibly because half-way dissemblings are difficult: and she could dissemble only with wild excellence. But none of her readers will be able to believe that she was ever a dissembler. She was at all times a woman of undoubted sincerity. It seems more probable that she was deeply in love with her husband both before and after her marriage, that she devoted herself to him, and could learn and possess some of his mental qualities afterwards for that very reason. But looking back at her emotion for him, through the mist of this overwhelming later infatuation, she saw it not as it really was, or as it seemed to herself even in his life-time, but as it seemed seen through the veil of her new devotion, which confused her vision not only of the present reality, but of the reality of the past—a passion in which she was no better off than Lysander in his oblivion of ever having loved Hermia.

Whitman seems to realize that her feeling has arisen out of her knowledge not of him, but of his poetry; and in his reply to her, "The Answerer" appears in an excellent light: one of his most attractive aspects as a man of modesty, largeness and good sense. Certainly a "man of the world" could not have improved on the dignity and penetration of his reply; and he shows himself fully worthy of the confidence in which she had written to him: "I know that a woman may without hurt to her pride—without stain or blame—tell her love to thee. I feel for a certainty that she may."

He assures her of his "unmitigated trust and affection"; and that he fully and clearly understands her letter. He writes briefly, because he is sending her his new book of poems. "My book is my best letter, my response, my truest explanation of all. In it I have put my body and spirit."

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Perhaps Whitman's obsession concerning his works helped him here in wisdom as a man. By this time, indeed, he was hardly a man at all. He was *Leaves of Grass*. To him all thoughts, all passions, all delights, whatever stirs this mortal frame, were ministers of *Leaves of Grass* and fed its sacred flame. It could cause him little surprise, probably, to learn that anyone had been overcome by devotion to his faith.

But it certainly could and did give him pause to learn that a noble English gentlewoman desired to unite her fortune and that of her four children with his daily destiny as "a simple, separate person" in the Attorney-General's office. He is grateful, but dazed; and has all along the sound knowledge that this purpose is simply a wild error and unfounded on reality.

In the passage of the seven years after Mrs. Gilchrist first reads Whitman's poetry, her eldest son is launched on his professional career and on a happy betrothal. Her younger children's education and futures are planned. Whitman is stricken with paralysis. He goes to Camden to end his helpless years. In his misfortune, the beautiful and generous love of his passionate friend desires the more to console him with her presence. Before, he had at times thought he might visit England, when he was convinced all would be clarified between them. But this was now impossible.

At last, in the Autumn of 1876, Mrs. Gilchrist sets sail with her three younger children for Philadelphia. The reader is overwhelmed. Surely here is one of the most remarkable chapters human history holds in the tale of "All for Love, and the World Well Lost." To set out with three children on a journey half around the globe to a broken, impoverished, aging poet she had never seen; to depart from a clematis-veiled cottage and the green ways and life-long friendships of England; to take rare Prints, and beautiful, carved furniture, and Blake's "Elijah in the Fiery Chariot," and transplant them all in a strange continent: this, certainly, is a generous, humble, and uncommon international adventure that is creditable somehow to the human heart, if not to the understanding. One can not help loving Mrs. Gilchrist for her Will to Believe, her nobility, her power of spontaneous action, even though one knows that she is moving on a path of error, of a mistake not

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about the greatness of Whitman's nature, but about the possible harmonies of existence. One watches her with the utmost anxiety to know what will happen to her.

What *did happen?*

Here one wanders in the pathless forest of conjecture. The passionate friends, being together, write no letters to each other; and when these begin again, they are indeed devoted and delightful, without other revelation and with no suggestion of passion. In outer circumstance, what occurred was that they met in Philadelphia; and Anne Gilchrist writes to William Rossetti:

> Our greatest pleasure is the society of Mr. Whitman, who fully realizes the ideal I had formed from his poems, and brings such an atmosphere of cordiality and geniality with him as is indescribable.

Mrs. Gilchrist remained in America for three years. She took a house on Twenty-second Street, in Philadelphia, where Whitman was constantly with her and her family, coming to tea with them on every evening but Sunday.

Whitman was nearly sixty at this time. We have many a traditional and written account of his majestic appearance, with his silvered hair, his deep, flexible voice, the large dark-blue cape he wore. Of Mrs. Gilchrist's presence he has told us:

> Oh! She was strangely different from the average; entirely herself; as simple as nature; true, honest; beautiful as a tree is tall, leafy, rich, full, free—*is* a tree.

From her son, and from various records of her friends, we learn that she was brown-haired and hazel-eyed, with a "bright and penetrating gaze," and the light, even step of a tireless walker. Mrs. Gilchrist had "an animated manner"; she "charmed persons ordinarily silent to talk in his or her best humour." "Whilst conversing," her son says, "her face became radiant as with an experience of golden years." And Whitman said of her: "The voice indicates the soul. Hers, with its varied modulations and blended tones, was the tenderest, most musical voice ever to bless our ears."

Whitman conducts the family to the theater to see a play of Joaquin Miller's. They all talk and walk in the country around Philadelphia, cross the ferry, and visit their enchanting friend in Camden. The children love him; are indeed "crazy" about him. "Dear, darling Walt," young "Herby" Gilchrist calls him. Beatrice, who enters on a

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nurse's training in Massachusetts, writes confiding her struggles and difficulties to him.

Under the blue sky, Whitman used to quote freely, in a full, sweet baritone:

> Well, honor is the subject of my story—

and we learn of one especially delightful day near a perfumed clover-field when the air was delicately vibrant with the "low and sulky murmur of the bee," and the Great Companion gossiped about Plutarch and *As You Like It,* and the charm of his hours with American soldiers.

Whitman enjoyed the prints: liked Reynolds' "broad, careless shadows," and read aloud to the family from Tennyson's *Ulysses,* and talked in his characteristic, pleasurable way about all manner of things—"mock radicalism" and Thoreau and George Sand. If any very young persons were present, Whitman always was scrupulous as to their inclusion in the conversation, and always consulted their individual opinions of the subject under discussion. Someone asked him if Bulwer's attitudinizing heroes didn't irritate him. "No. It is part of the fun," he answered.

"Yes," someone will say, "they had a highly attractive, peerless time no doubt. But what about passionate friendships?" That is it. You cannot tell, I think, exactly what happened. But you can guess. My guess is that exactly what Whitman supposed would happen, when Mrs. Gilchrist left the air-drawn path on which her imaginary passion had walked, and entered on the streets of Philadelphia and Camden, did happen. Without being "disappointed" in the poet, she knew at once that such a union as she had been dreaming was unthinkable. Neither, I believe, was it his age that changed the color of her emotion. More probably it was as though she had been envisioning the presence of Jove, and had found the object of her devotion an immortal creature, indeed, but more like Santa Claus. Jupiter and Santa Claus might each be from fifty to sixty years of age, perhaps, in the world's fancy; and letters are filled with allusion to Jove's adventures as a lover; but who will conceive of the delightful patron of Rich Givers in a rôle so out of his part?

There is something in the complete, hardy delight of Whitman's devoted friends in him, something individual and indomitable in a hundred things he said and did, that

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leads one to conceive of him—indeed, has obviously led the hearts of many to rise and revel in him—as the species of resistless character known as " a great old boy." And that, however superb and thoroughly satisfactory a quality, is not of the kind to inspire passionate yearning certainly.

It is impossible indeed to think of Whitman as one much in need of passionate yearning. What he needed was a human element stronger and far rarer—an element which Creation miraculously supplied for him in the personality of Mr. Horace Traubel. He needed someone who could bear in quietude to hear him talk endlessly about alterations in his proof. His nature did not require a cordial, enriched, domestic interior in the companionship of a beautiful and noble-hearted woman among choice engravings and furniture in good taste. It required a scrappy, disordered domestic interior in a dingy frame-house near a switch-track amid the noise of engine-bells and the smoke of factories, and in an atmosphere of war-memories and constant reference to *Leaves of Grass*. Clearly, our greatest poet required the peculiar refreshment to be derived from a habitat *not* in good taste. The social and physical cosmos supplied such a habitat for Whitman; and if he had attempted to live continuously out of it, he would probably have died. But he could not know that he needed, nor could he plan this habitat, any more than a star-fish plans to live on the side of a rock in the sea.

Neither could any English gentlewoman, or, rather, anyone unacquainted with American manhood, be expected to know a thing of this kind about an immortal poet. Whitman had really no means of communicating an essential consideration of this sort; though he makes a sincere attempt in a diffuse, masculine manner, in writing, before Mrs. Gilchrist's departure for the United States:

> My dearest friend, I do not approve your American trans-settlement. I see so many things here you have no idea of—the social and almost every other kind of crudeness, meagreness, here (at least in appearance). Don't do anything towards it nor resolve on it, nor make any move at all in it without further advice from me.

Mrs. Gilchrist had a wonderful power of varied enjoyment: after all, she was, before anything else, a dweller on L'Allegro Uplands; and it may be surmised with some reasonableness that when reality transformed her impassioned vision into a totally different episode from that of her pre-

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conception, she could say " Good-Bye My Fancy," as wisely and as flexibly as Whitman might himself. Very likely she perceived at once what she might have guessed all along: that people can decide to make a journey or to accomplish almost any other material achievement, and depend to some extent on their own will and energy for the outcome; but that they cannot depend in the least upon their own will and energy as a means of leading them to fall in love. Especially, they cannot choose some unseen figure of genius on another continent to fall in love with, and then absolutely depend upon themselves to do it. This was a unique, heroic plan in the grand style, but founded, one must believe, on an essential misconception.

It seems, however, that unless Mrs. Gilchrist had disregarded Whitman's attempt at indicating something of the kind, unless she had come to America, she never would have been delivered from the spell of her passion. Feeding on itself in England, glutting its sorrow on the morning rose and on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave, it might have lasted indefinitely. As it was, it achieved a thoroughly remarkable and apparently satisfactory metamorphosis. She enjoyed her stay deeply: and her friends told her when she returned to England that she looked ten years younger than before her American sojourn.

Her eldest son, whom she left in England, had married happily. During her American absence his son was born.

Finally, after lingering a while in New York, she cannot resist going back to England to see the baby.

Though she writes him from England that she wishes they were all back on Twenty-second Street in Philadelphia, to welcome him home from his trip to Canada, and talk it all over at tea, it is evident that the baby fills her horizon—her " dear little grandson," her " engaging little toddler." She is enthusiastic, too, about verdant England again, and Durham Cathedral. Whitman replies with affectionate hilarity: " How I should indeed like to see that *Cathedral.* I don't know which I should go for first, the Cathedral or *that Baby.*"

She is very much occupied, as always, with all her children; and engages now on her *Life of Mary Lamb.* She writes to him rather less often, though she tells him he is in her thoughts as constantly as ever, in spite of the fact that she has been so silent. Wherever they go, the family

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think of their beloved friend and imagine him with them. "Won't Walt like sitting in that sunny window?" or "by that cheery, open fire"—or "sauntering on the heath"?

Five years after she sailed from New York, she writes:

> I turn many wistful thoughts towards America, and were not I and mine bound here by unseverable ties, did we not seem to grow and belong here by a kind of natural destiny that has to be fulfilled, very cheerfully could I make America my home for the sake of being near you in body as I am in heart and soul—but time has good things in store for us sooner or later, I doubt not.

In the months before Anne Gilchrist's early death, which came unexpectedly in her fifty-eighth year, she had written him again—affectionate letters, fearing for his fortune and comfort, recalling their American days together, their mirth over someone's "dramatic presentation of a negro prayer-meeting," letters looking forward to reading his lovely "after-songs," and telling him of the aspect of the glorious England around her:

> What a burst of beauty we have had during the last ten days! We look out just now on a sea of apple and pear blossoms, from the deepest pink to dazzling white, and the tenderest green intermingled with all.

The changing tones of her profound human attachment all sound from L'Allegro Uplands: and, I think, so do those we hear from the Mystic Trumpeter, in the course of this tale of their ways upon earth, whether near each other or far apart.

It is the unjust custom of nearly all idealizers, when they come face to face with an individual reality different from their fancied image, to blame not their own misconception, but the unfortunate subject of their error. But here was a woman who was true enough to truth itself to bear no such unfair grudges; strong-hearted enough to love the individual reality as deeply in an altered fashion, more in the way of a mother perhaps, as she had loved her fancied idol of another kind of devotion.

It is the unjust custom of the idealized, too, when subjected to an altered opinion in a mistaken worshipper, to feel the natural resentment of unreasoning vanity. But Whitman, it appears, was also true enough to truth itself, large enough, genuine enough, not to care about proving an unsuitable idol of romance.

Among the passionate episodes of letters, this seems to

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stand out with the effect of an absolute, novel superiority. It has no mean airs of conquest, no biting prides of sex, no injurious humiliations. Compared with it, the performances of "Elle et Lui," of Byron's affairs, and the despite visited by the poet of "A Wasted Vigil" on the inferior nature who could not watch with him, appear as the shrill recriminations, the poor complacencies and rancorous fault-findings, of mere juvenile vanity.

But here, clearly, was a mistake about a passionate friendship in which, however, all came off with a species of magic success—its modulations and its dissonances are delicately harmonized like those of a superb and golden comedy. Everything is full-grown and serene and responsible, and seems creditable on both sides.

Whitman's friends continuously admire and enjoy Mrs. Gilchrist. Mrs. Gilchrist's friends continuously admire and enjoy Whitman. Her son desired to publish her letters to Whitman in his biography of his worshipped mother. But Whitman would not permit this. "Why didn't he destroy them, then?" someone may ask. Who can tell? They had never been an exclusive confidence to him, as her sons knew of them from the beginning. He could have had little impression of them as an exclusive confidence. I believe he failed to destroy them because he seems to have been incapable of destroying any handwriting; and for the same reason for which he kept copies of his own anonymous laudatory comment on his public appearances, and his own anonymous favorable press reviews of his own works.

All one can say about the inconsistent facts of his failure to destroy the letters, and his refusal to permit their publication—a refusal apparently inspired by an impulse of protection towards their writer—is that here, too, the symphony is unfinished. But the reader of his words about Anne Gilchrist will, I am sure, acquit Whitman of any treachery of feeling towards her.

Indeed, it is one of the most interesting qualities of the story that Whitman's delicacy of understanding and conduct characterize it all, and leave one with an odd impression that perhaps a habitat not in good taste offers for the development of staunchness and gentleness in human relations, conditions more favorable than those surrounding Lord Byron or Alfred de Musset.

There is a passage in Mr. Horace Traubel's *Whitman,*

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from which it appears that whatever the poet thought of Mrs. Gilchrist's wisdom when it had been untempered by observation and before he had been with her, in the course of their companionship he learned to confide in it completely. He is speaking to Mr. Traubel of his delight in her conversation:

> Writing was not the best of her. The best of her was her talk—to hear her perfectly say these things which she has only imperfectly written. I shall never forget—never forget: she is over there now, where you are—eyeing me, overflowing with utterance. She was marvellous above other women in traits in which women are marvellous as a rule—immediate perception, emotion, deep inevitable insight. She had superb judgment—it welled up and out and I only sat off and wondered: welled up from a reservoir of riches, spontaneously, unpremeditatedly. Women are ahead of us in that anyhow—way ahead of us. . . . She was not a blind dreamer—a chaser of fancies: she was concrete—spiritually concrete, I might say: not in the sordid sense of it, but the big, the high.

The readers of the lives of distinguished persons often have cause to repeat Tennyson's complaint of Landseer and to regret that biographical delineation so frequently makes the mistake of having only *one* lion and repeating him in different positions. Each of the lions ought to have a distinct individuality. That happens, fortunately, to be the case with the figures of Whitman and of Anne Gilchrist, as literary history has shown them to us.

The whole composition of their attachment, as their admirers have narrated it to us, shines in light, brilliant yet soft, the autumn tints just beginning to appear,—the air crisp and bracing, yet genial. The uncompleted music of the tale of their ways apart and together seems to tell us, in its gesture and intervals, a fresh story of beauty in human existence.

EDITH WYATT.

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# THE POETRY OF CHARLES WILLIAMS

BY THEODORE MAYNARD

AMONG the convenient tags in vogue among jaded reviewers of books, none is more commonly used, or abused, than the comparing of a new writer to some other writer with a more securely established reputation. When the label has been fixed, criticism considers itself satisfied, and the critic puts away his poet on the shelf reserved for Swinburne, or his essayist in the cupboard kept for Lamb, feeling that his work is done. But is it not a vice to treat literature as a housewife treats her bottles of jams and preserves? The difficult and delicate business of criticism cannot be accomplished by such means. Yet every young writer has to suffer from this treatment—to see himself labelled as a second Rossetti by one reviewer, and as a second Blake by another. At first he is likely to be irritated by inept comparisons. Later, if he has humor, he will come to be amused by learning that his poetry is suggestive of such varying strains as the verse of Chaucer, Shelley, and Walt Whitman! He will come to collect the names of poets whom he is said to resemble as a man may collect stamps or old china, and will await eagerly the time when Rabindranath Tagore, Wordsworth and Ezra Pound shall complete his collection!

That every poet derives something from his predecessors is certain, but his value is to be determined by his ability to put his borrowed gold to the divine money changers and receive it back again with increase and transmutation. Mr. Charles Williams, one of the newer and, I venture to think, one of the greatest of contemporary English poets, has of necessity derived something from the metaphysical poets of the nineteenth century, as there are also in his work occasional touches of Milton, of Herrick, and even of G. K. Chesterton; but Donne, to whom he is most



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constantly likened, he has read almost as little as he has read Crashaw, Vaughan, or Herbert. The similarities, slight and usually superficial, are due not to conscious or even unconscious imitation, but to the fact that his mental makeup is curiously compounded of the same ingredients which went to the making of Donne and Crashaw. He has their combination of *naïveté* and sophistication; their intellectual passion and subtlety, and also, at times, their triviality and their liability to step into pathos. And yet, after admitting that Mr. Williams has defects,—many of the tiresome tricks of virtuosity and much of the turgidity of the metaphysician,—his poetry has a greatness to which few of the moderns have attained, and promises a greatness which none of the moderns can hope to surpass.

It is remarkable how much very fine poetry has been written during the last ten years, and how little of the work of even the most accomplished among modern poets powerfully affects the reader. The reason of this is, probably, that much of their merit is technical; they waste their energies in seeking for a fresher mode of expression. Their rhythms often delight the ear, but their imaginations rarely compel the heart. One reads them, vaguely aware of beauty; but one forgets their verses. Now the major poets have this about them: that one can dig forever in their work as in an inexhaustible mine. The spade may bring out earth more often than diamonds, but the diamonds, which are the object of the search, are plentiful. Minor poets offer less labor to the digger, less earth and less reward. They give fewer bushels of dirt, but fewer diamonds.

In reading a major poet, one remembers lines whose meaning becomes clear only by degrees. One carries his phrases in the mind long before they are understood. His difficult things are not easily forgotten; just as the facile things of minor poets are not easily remembered. This test of memorability is, upon the whole, the best measure of poetic value, and by this test Mr. Charles Williams is unquestionably a major poet. He can be read again and again, and at every reading fresh beauties will be discovered. He will not be easily understood, and his readers must gird their mental loins for strenuous effort. When he has confessed that he does not fully understand all of his own poetry, but that the meaning of this line or that

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has been discovered by its author himself only by flashes of illumination, others can hardly expect to gain his meaning with casual ease. The whole definition of inspiration is that the inspired man, be he prophet or poet, is possessed by an influence, whose instrument he is, whose will he performs, but whose purpose is not always known to him.

As we shall see later, Charles Williams' most characteristic poetry is written about the mysticism of love, in which he follows the philosophy of Patmore, though with a power that yields more comprehensive results than the author of *The Unknown Eros* had at his command. Before we come to a consideration of this part of his work, however, it is as well to note that a large number of his poems are unconcerned with religion. They range from the lyric *Proserpina,* and the admirable sonnets on classical subjects with which his last book opens, through ballades whose whimsicality does not quite conceal their gravity, through poems of general interest, to the ecstatic republicanism of *The Wars,* in which the poet sees the Deity, one, indivisible, and free, and "The heavens themselves republican":

> The Crescent falls! the field is won,
> The days of tyranny are done,
> His last escaping files give place;
> Trumpets, ho, trumpets! face to face
> With foreheads scarred and bloody feet
> The Church and the Republic meet.

Of the details of the poet's uneventful life all that it is necessary to record here is that Charles Williams is in his thirty-third year; that he went up by winning a scholarship from his school in St. Albans to University College, London; that he is now connected with the editorial department of the Oxford University Press; that he wrote his sonnet sequence, *The Silver Stair,* between his twenty-first and twenty-third years; that his *Poems of Conformity* cover a period of ten years; and that he is an Anglo-Catholic, or, in other words, that he accepts the conclusions of the Roman Catholic Church without the basis of Roman Catholic authority. Such a biographical summary seems uninteresting: most literary men do little except write. It so happens, however, that Mr. Williams came into my own life like a thunderbolt, and I, at least, could never write of him, or analyze his work, as I propose doing, without

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some account of the furious quarrel that made us friends.

*The Silver Stair,* Mr. Williams' first book, was published ten years ago, and very few people read it or heard of its author. Had I been one of the few, I would have understood better the philosophy of *Poems of Conformity,* which came to me to be reviewed just after its publication. Such press criticisms as I had seen inclined me in the book's favor, and I began to read the poems with a very amiable spirit. It did not take me long to discover that Mr. Williams was a writer of first-class ability, and that his artistic and intellectual powers were unusual. I thought, however, that I had discovered a far more interesting thing—which was, that Mr. Williams was a Satanist. Now I never imagined that he said a black mass, that he wore horns and a chasuble decorated with lewd devices, or that the cross was tattooed upon his heels so as to be perpetually trodden underfoot. But it did seem that he was a phallic worshipper in a Christian dress. I sincerely believed that his subtle mind was working out a deliberate attack upon the Christian faith and morality, which was all the more dangerous because the attacker struck so cunningly. He had the early fathers, the councils of the Church, and the scriptures at his fingers' end. But where he publicly praised the Queen of Heaven, Mary, his private devotion was given to the Queen of Heaven, Astarte. When he spoke of the Mother of God and her Son, he really meant Venus and her son. The scholastic method was his, and the Satanist purpose. Here was a complete system of inverted mysticism that opposed the Christian tradition which sees in marriage a symbol of divine love; it saw in Christian dogma and ritual only symbols of animal lust. That the poems had so high a literary value, or that they were written with delicacy and restraint, merely proved the diabolical irony of the most-to-be feared of all infidels.

It may seem that such a suspicion was obviously preposterous. I followed up the clues with care; yet the theory was coherent. I felt that the criminal could be convicted upon the evidence, and I succeeded in convincing nearly all those to whom I expounded my case. Three of these were Catholic priests, expert theologians of the study-house of a learned religious order; one was a Baptist, two were avowed agnostics. Then I launched my public attack upon *Poems of Conformity.*

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In making that attack, however, it was impossible to present my case fully in the columns of a newspaper, partly because a closely reasoned analysis would have taken up too much space, partly because there were some matters too evil for publication, partly (and it is under this disability that I suffer now) that to form any opinion it was necessary to survey carefully *Poems of Conformity* as a whole. To give one example is futile. The point was that the successive poems formed a complete system and dovetailed neatly into one another. Separately they seemed innocuous: cumulatively their effect was deadly. But I shall quote one of these poems, which is, the reader must remember, given as a commentary upon the words in St. John's gospel, " Sir, we would see Jesus ":

> We would see Love! Sweet, have we not desired,
> Sought, hungered, thirsted, agonized, aspired,
> Met, clasped, refused? and ever more required
> This answer at the end? We would see Love!
>
> We would see Love! Must his companions be
> The chiefest sharers of felicity?
> Some follower hold our life in custody,
> Some appetite or law? We would see Love!
>
> We would see Love! Touch and the things of sense,
> Our spirits' pupilage, our minds' suspense
> Of expectation,—what conjures him thence
> Who is so far within? We would see Love!
>
> We would see Love! His face if none draw nigh
> Except their whole lives shatter up thereby,
> Agree, sweet! Let us look on God and die,
> Feel him, one shock, and end! We would see Love!

My challenge, of course, provoked a vehement protest from Mr. Williams, but one which, as he himself would be the first to admit, might be just the kind of protest a real Satanist would be likely to make. The controversy so begun could end only in one of two ways—murder or reconciliation. Mr. Williams arranged through a third person for a meeting. I found him a man who looked less than twenty-five years old, trembling with nervousness and most embarrassingly deferential. He talked with staccato eagerness as we were left alone in a room in a newspaper office. A week later I lunched with him and walked across

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Regents Park to his home, while he expounded the real meaning of his system to me. He acknowledged then that the poems could be interpreted as Satanism; he has since humorously confessed that a recent reading of them almost convinced him, despite himself, that they were Satanism. For my part, however, I am now sure that they are not. I had made a fool of myself to make a friend; my loud challenge had brought out, not a foe, but a companion in arms.

It is fitting that the man who attacked Mr. Williams should now explain him. I shall therefore disregard many valuable things—the scorn he shows for ease, his poetic passion, his delicate irony—to speak of his philosophy; for whether as a Saint or a Satanist, his philosophy is deep and broad.

To understand Mr. Williams, it is necessary to begin with his early sonnet-sequence, *The Silver Stair.* These sonnets are not only excellent as such; not merely do they rise, as sonnets should, each to crescendo and a climax, but they achieve success as a sequence. They follow on, not as beads upon a string, but as the steps of a ladder.

Omitting, then, much that is splendid and much that is beautiful—all the intimacies, all that Mr. Williams has of the Cross of Christ in his love, all the "sorrow that fronts the doorway of his house"—I shall quote here two sonnets, Numbers xvii and lvi, without further comment, before passing on to discuss the poetry which he has developed in the later book:

No. XVII

Night fell when toward this gated world I came,
  Nor there found peace—but light of shaken swords
  In battle of the crowd against their lords
And old men weeping for their homes aflame.
No general thought I saw nor common aim
  Until there passed, amid the shouting hordes,
  With banners and the Provosts of the wards,
A crowned queen. But I knew not of her name.

Then to my servants, my wise dreams, I cried:
  "Who is this Princess? who this guard mail-shod?"
  And they: "Sir, these are captains of the world,
  Honour, Obedience, Thought; their flags unfurled
Proclaimed their mistress round them as they ride,
  Regent from the immovable throne of God."

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No. LVI

Look up, the heavens grow ardent to our gaze;
  Look down, the hells are rampant at our feet.
  And think ye here where such dominions meet,
The fires of your night bivouac can blaze?
The shouting squadrons by a thousand ways
  Rend your pavilioned camp: their charges beat
  Your piled arms underfoot, or in retreat
Trample the tents that with much toil ye raise.

If I might gird her for the strife, set on
  —I, even a man, to this thing sanctified—
  Her helmet, and God's anger not be moved!
  O my beloved, if in armour proved
We twain might follow where Immanuel shone,
Triumphant and to triumph, side by side!

Charles Williams is equally a philosopher and a mystic. An historic antagonism between the thinker and the knower, between the rationalist and the romantic, comes to agreement in his work. The speculations of that school of modern thought of whom Sir J. G. Fraser is the chief have profoundly influenced him. Now these speculations, though always interesting, are often, I think, fanciful. The connections they seek to establish between Christianity and the older "mystery" religions are at best a matter of ingenious conjecture. However much may be granted as to the possibility of magical myth and ceremonial having foreshadowed the substance of Christian dogma and ritual, nothing very certain can be known on the subject. That there is a grave danger to faith in such a study should be obvious. There are people of whom Pan has been the schoolmaster to bring them to Pananglicanism. There are others, more numerous, in whom *The Golden Bough* has developed a bottomless, if kindly, scepticism. Why it should be so I do not know; that it is so, is certain. When a man discovers that a legend of the Flood has existed in many ancient scriptures he is (somewhat rashly) inclined to jump to the conclusion that there was no Flood. The more universal the testimony to the fact, the more the fact is doubted: the stronger the evidence, the weaker the case. Mr. Williams, however, has too clear and cautious a mind to fall into such an illogical error. That Paganism was in many respects like Catholicism, inclines him to believe in Catholicism. A myth demonstrates a mystery. He has been so much occupied in discovering the extent, correlations, and surprises of Christianity (I am quoting his own

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words) that he never had time to stop and enquire whether Christianity was true. His life has been one long, exciting game of intellectual hide-and-seek. His intricate and adventurous mind has never allowed itself to be content with easy things. Greatly daring, he has pushed all his conclusions to their ultimate extremity. Doubt to such a man is a sort of spiritual luxury, a breathing space in the breathless riot of belief; and in one of those intervals of agnostic rest he wrote his fine though hitherto unpublished *Office Hymn for the Feast of St. Thomas Didymus, Apostle and Sceptic.*

Having established for himself a philosophical point of contact between Paganism and the Christian Faith, having harmonised the idea of Adonis with the theology of St. Thomas Aquinas, Mr. Williams began the more dangerous task of interpreting marriage by the Catholic creed. To do this—or rather to attempt it, for I cannot find that he has kept quite free from serious heresy—he has been forced to elaborate a transcendental mysticism, which, if not new in its main lines, has never been used so comprehensively before. His fault is merely one of exaggerated emphasis, for the Christian tradition which made marriage a sacrament has always taught that the union between a man and a woman is symbolical of the union between God and the soul. But heresy is never anything else but an exaggerated emphasis upon one truth to the neglect or denial of another, while the pitfalls of the practice of mysticism are insisted upon by every devotional writer of the Middle Ages. From St. Bernard to St. Teresa, from St. Ignatius to St. Francis de Sales, there is a continual warning to those seeking to become "adepts."

When Charles Williams wrote his poem, *Orthodoxy,* which begins:

> Now to thy heart thy hand hath caught
> The fingers of mine own,
> Thy body's secret doctrines now
> Are felt and proved and known:
> More wisdom on thy breast I learn
> Than else upon my knees:
> O hark, thine honor! orthodox,
> Destroyer of heresies!

he laid himself open to be misunderstood. But he did not mean that a physical passion was a more certain good than

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prayer, but only that there are many roads to faith, and that the road of human love has been the one followed by him. He was "startled to find it" (the poet is quoted once more) "an exact correlation and parallel of Christianity."

In many of the sonnets of *The Silver Stair* this discovery, only half-conscious as yet, was hinted at; in poem after poem of the later book the idea was worked out and shown under a hundred different aspects. The one poem, however, which sums up and unites the Pagan-Christian theory and the Christian-Sexual theory is Mr. Williams' *Ode for Easter Morning*. It is impossible to quote it in full, because of its length; but I cannot give less than six of its twelve stanzas, which form one of the most splendid passages in modern English verse:

Wake, wake, my Thought! the year's delight is born;
  Hark, the young loves within the valley sing!
Long since thy peers, the Church, the Earth, this morn
  Were out to hail a gladness named of Spring.
Who shall be earliest there? O happy race,
  Begun in winter of a three-days' gloom
To end beside what doubly-hallowed place
  Of the full garner and the open tomb!
    Up, dear sluggard! blessing trine,
    Religion's and the Earth's and thine,
    Sang my spirit out to play;
    Up, my sweet, keep holiday!

* * *

Ere the Mass grew, how many a shepherd priest,
  Singing his ritual o'er a pile of sods,
Led forth his migrant people on such feast
  In sacrifices to forgotten gods:
His people, lost long ere thy slumber broke
  To a like knowledge of immortal needs;
Enough if thou with thy great Sister woke,
  That youngest, truest, gladdest of the creeds!
    Up, the Church long since is out,
    And her quick feet go about
    To the tomb! no more delay,
    Up, my sweet, keep holiday!

Thou didst not hear the lions of Cybele
  Roaring their salutation to her Love,
Nor feel the high trees shaking over thee
  When he from death ascended; she above
Bowed down, his Mother and his Paramour,
  Unto that resurrection, while her train
Of Syrian pontiffs sang their tale that hour:

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"Hail Attis born! hail, Attis born again!"
Hear thou only from thy lord
The new tale of an Adored
Seen of us in happy play;
Up, my sweet, keep holiday!

Thou didst not hear waking Adonis' name
Shrieked from a whirl of timbrelled ecstasy
As to him his diviner leman came,
Descending with her wanton company;
Nor any voice call: "Now hath Isis found
Her dead lord's limbs the new rice-stalks among;
Now great Osiris wakens from his swound!"
The gods are born again; the gods are young!
Thou wert sleeping while they passed;
Now thy time is come at last.
Christendom is out to play,
Up, my sweet, keep holiday!

Is it a diverse deity they praise?
Or with translation diverse to each tongue
Hail they one god of rice and corn and maize,
Convents and kisses? Hark, another song
Now with those past processions doth accord;
Those resurrections Easter doth renew!
Who is that God, that lover, that dead lord?
Who is that mother? that beloved, who?
Still must thou thyself bedeck,
Silver chain about thy neck,
Brooch and clasps? No more delay,
Up, my sweet, keep holiday!

Love has risen: his Mother greets her Son;
Spring knows itself to be but only He!
The glad Church does with the good tidings run—
O let me find my upper room in thee,
Thou everlasting Easter! what a stone
Of bare negation hast thou rolled away!
Now breaks the Dawn whose twilight thou hast shown!
True is thy possibility of Day!
Till thy mouth and hands be kissed,
Lent within me doth resist
Songs of Easter! come away,
Up, my sweet, keep holiday!

Such defects as are contained in this really great poet have sprung, I suspect, from the fact that, despite his interest in Catholicism, he is a member of a provincial church cut off from the unity of Christendom. By becoming a complete instead of a partial Catholic, Mr. Williams would lose nothing: on the contrary, he would gain a spirit

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of repose which is at present denied him. He has now to be continually on the alert with his strong and subtle intellect stretched to the breaking point. He has humor, but it is rarely given free play; he has a capacity for lyrical beauty, but he despises the gift, and is more than a little inclined to disparage any joy that does not come of intolerably fierce intellectual struggle. Half of his being is mortified by an ungracious asceticism. He tends to become more complex instead of more single, madder but less merry.

During the last five years there has been an increased interest in poetry. People have been buying and reading verse-books, but though many inferior poets have sold because of war-enthusiasm, Charles Williams has not sold. Fifty copies of *The Silver Stair* and a hundred and fifty of *Poems of Conformity* do not speak well for the boasted poetic "revival." But if Charles Williams has been read by few, the few include some of the principal critics of the day. From Mrs. Meynell, G. K. Chesterton, the Poet Laureate, Lascelles Abercrombie, Professor J. S. Phillimore, and Sir Walter Raleigh among others, Mr. Williams has received generous public and private praise. If I may lay a small wreath beside their greater offerings I shall say that, though the difficult poetry of Charles Williams can never be popular, his name will always be kept alive by those who honor the majesty of song.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

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# TWO POEMS

BY WINIFRED WELLES

## I.

## SETTING FOR A FAIRY TALE

This is a lonesome place—
The water is as quiet as a face
That peace has smoothed and dreams made exquisite.
Like silk on silk your paddle rustles it,
And where the ripple gleams and slips,
It seems as if one sighed and closed his lips;
And softly and as sly
As ghostly cats, the long white mists prowl by.
Oh I can tell
We are not wanted here! There is some spell
Those dwarfs of trees, who squat around the lake,
Are peering through the dusk to see us break.
So desolate a place . . . so full of wonder . . .
Now near and far, and over us and under,
A million million frogs entreat.
Their thin, entangled threads of voices meet
And mingle with the tree-toads', jarring sweet
And whirring strong, as tiny motors might.
And leader of them all, far down the night,
One huge, wet-bellied, moss-mouthed crier
Twangs like a taut, bronze wire.
The ways grow narrower, the voices less.
Only the water-lilies in distress
Hold up their horrified, white hands and cling
Close to each other shuddering.
And I am troubled by their breath,
That smells of mystery or sleep or death.
And was it death or sleep or mystery,
That slew the knighthood in so brave a tree,
Leaving him torn to bowels, stripped to bone,
Abject and mutilated and alone?
His body, broken but still marvellous,
Darkens and bars the ways for us.
And so we leave our boat and move
Timidly through a fearsome grove,
Where witches' shadows huddle as we go.

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It ends—as sudden as a blow,
And here are blessed, blue-lit spaces!
The fireflies everywhere
Like tips of wands are waving in the air,
And we can see our faces
Dimly, like faces in a well;
So quieted beneath that star
We have forgotten that there was a spell,
And kiss, and laugh to find how real we are!
And then, as if she heard our laughter,
And longed to tiptoe after,
Amazingly alone and still,
Queenlike upon the hill,
The moon uprises, darling as of old.
So we go home, resplendent in her gold,
Safe in her glory,
And happy as the ending of a story.

## II.

## GESTURE

My arms were always quiet,
  Close and never freed,
I was furled like a banner,
  Enfolded like a seed.

I thought, when Love shall strike me,
  Each arm will start and spring,
Unloosen like a petal
  And open like a wing.

Oh Love—my arms are lifted,
  But not to sway and toss,
They strain out wide and wounded
  Like arms upon a cross.

WINIFRED WELLES.

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# ROOSEVELT AND VENEZUELA

BY HERBERT W. BOWEN
EX-UNITED STATES MINISTER TO VENEZUELA

In the July number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW Mr. William Roscoe Thayer states, in his article about President Roosevelt, that "Mr. Roosevelt allowed Mr. Herbert W. Bowen, the American Minister to Venezuela, to serve as Special Commissioner for Venezuela in conducting her negotiations with Germany"; but that "he himself took the matter into his own hands at Washington," and that "having sounded England and Italy," and learning "that they were willing to arbitrate," he directed "his diplomatic attack straight at the Kaiser."

As a matter of fact, I was never a Special Commissioner, nor was my work for Venezuela ever limited to dealing with Germany exclusively.

President Castro, on December 9, 1902, when Great Britain and Germany seized his warships and began the blockade of his ports, requested me to represent Venezuela, and I cabled[1] that same day to Mr. Hay, stating that Venezuela would like to have her differences with Great Britain and Germany settled by arbitration. On December 11, I cabled again to Mr. Hay, asking him whether he would forward the suggestion regarding arbitration to Great Britain and Germany. On the following day Mr. Hay cabled to me that he had forwarded the suggestion "without comment." Receiving no reply from Great Britain and Germany, I cabled to Mr. Hay again on December 15, expressing impatience. The next day Mr. Hay wired me that he had "repeated proposition to arbitrate, with strong recommendation." On December 17 Italy joined the Anglo-German alliance, and the entire naval force of the three allied Powers now consisted of three small German cruisers, two small British cruisers, and two small Italian cruisers, which were divided into three fleets—one at or near Maracaibo, another at Puerto Cabello, and the third at La Guaira, which is the port of Caracas. The forts at Maracaibo were able to protect that port; so I advised President Castro to divide his forces, which consisted of 14,000 trained soldiers, between Puerto Cabello and La Guaira, and to hold them well back from the water front so as to avoid incidents that might bring on actual warfare, but to make instant use

[1] See official documents in our Red Book, called *Foreign Relations*, and Blue Book, called *Venezuelan Protocols*, for all cablegrams mentioned in this article, except Mr. White's, which was private.

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of them all in case an attempt was made by the allies to land and seize his territory. He agreed to comply with my request.

On December 27, Mr. Hay's "strong recommendation" had produced the desired effect, and both Great Britain and Germany agreed to arbitrate. Great Britain's answer began with these words: "His Majesty's Government have, in consultation with the German Government, taken into careful consideration the proposal communicated by the United States Government *at the instance of that of Venezuela.*"[1]

The italicized clause proves conclusively that both Great Britain and Germany understood that the proposal to arbitrate was not President Roosevelt's nor Mr. Hay's, but Venezuela's. Mr. Thayer in his article does not mention that clause, nor does he refer to any of the cablegrams that passed between Mr. Hay and me. He simply dates the beginning of the arbitration plan at the time when Italy joined the alliance, and that was, as I have stated, December 17. The position held by the United States Government from the moment Mr. Hay made his "strong recommendation" until the agreement to arbitrate was effected, was that of mediator, while mine was that of representative of Venezuela, with full powers. As it was decided that I should go to Washington, the full powers which I had been exercising since the blockade began, at the request of President Castro, were formally conferred on me on January 7, 1903, and they were worded thus:

"The Venezuelan Government grants full powers to Mr. Herbert W. Bowen to effect at Washington, with the diplomatic representatives of the nations that have claims against Venezuela, the immediate settlement of them or the preliminaries for the submission to arbitration of such of them as cannot be settled immediately." These nations included Great Britain, Germany, Italy, France, Belgium, Spain, The Netherlands, Norway and Sweden, Mexico and the United States.

I arrived in Washington January 20, 1903, just ten days after Ambassador Holleben sailed for Germany, and I proceeded forthwith to settle all of Venezuela's difficulties with the ten nations just mentioned, except one matter which I might easily have settled also, but which for good and sufficient reasons I preferred to take to The Hague, and that was the question of "preferential treatment," or the question as to whether or not Great Britain, Germany and Italy should be paid by Venezuela before she paid her other seven creditors. I saw Mr. Hay frequently, and twice I talked the situation over at some length with President Roosevelt, and I had every reason to believe that I had the full confidence of both of them, and that they had communicated to me all the information in their possession regarding their work as mediators. Neither of them even suggested to me that Mr. Roosevelt had threatened the Kaiser; on the contrary, they both expressed considerable apprehension as to what the Kaiser might do to involve the United States in serious trouble. On one occasion, about two weeks after Ambassador Holleben's recall, I remember distinctly being sent for in haste by Mr. Hay and being told that a private cablegram had just arrived from Mr. Henry White, Chargé of the American Embassy in London, stating that Germany had made a very war-

[1] The italics are mine.

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like proposal to Great Britain. Mr. Hay was decidedly alarmed, and he said that President Roosevelt and he both thought that I ought to modify my terms at once. I expressed the belief that Great Britain would remain loyal to her agreement to arbitrate, unless, of course, President Castro disregarded his promise to me not to commit any aggressive act against the blockading Powers, and I stated that I felt sure that he would not fail me. I therefore declined to make any change in my terms. The following day a reassuring cablegram arrived from London, and a feeling of intense relief was thereupon evinced at both the White House and the Department of State.

In view of the foregoing facts, it is difficult to understand how Mr. Roosevelt, some fifteen years after the Venezuelan incident was closed, could convince himself that he had frightened the Kaiser, or how Mr. Thayer could believe the story and deftly embellish it with such comments as he made about "poor, servile, old bureaucratic Holleben!" and about Dewey's fleet being able to "blow all the German Navy out of the water in half an hour." Dewey certainly understood just how strong the alliance was that blockaded the Venezuelan coasts, for he told me himself just after I had signed the protocols that if he had been ordered to make an attack he would have had his ships sink all the British, German and Italian ships in sight, and then seek safety in our own harbors.

Mr. Roosevelt was evidently aware that the weak point in his story was the great strength of the Anglo-German-Italian alliance, for he explained that before trying to scare the Kaiser he sounded England and Italy, and induced them to stand aside temporarily, in case he got into trouble with Germany, until he had chastised her; but, as I wrote to the *New York Times*[1] immediately after Mr. Roosevelt first told the story in public, *Off-and-on alliances, while you wait, are unknown to diplomacy.*

Had Great Britain made any such agreement as that, she would have been guilty of treachery to her German ally; and if Italy, who at the time was a permanent ally of Germany's, had consented to the scheme, she would have run the risk of receiving severe chastisement for her perfidy. It is very difficult for a fair-minded man to associate treachery with Great Britain, or perfidy with Italy, and probably no fair-minded man will.

Of course it is not only possible, but probable, that Mr. Roosevelt did make some perfectly legitimate and polite effort to sustain Mr. Hay's "strong recommendation" to Great Britain and Germany to accept Venezuela's offer to arbitrate, and that he had a quarrel with Ambassador Holleben because that astute gentleman had induced him to prepare the way for the blockade by defining the Monroe Doctrine in his message to Congress as "not intended to guarantee any state against punishment if it misconducts itself, provided that punishment does not take the form of acquisition of territory by any non-American Power;" but these matters were not referred to either by Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Thayer, both of whom confined themselves to asserting that the Kaiser had been frightened into arbitration by threats.

Of course a credulous public may be induced by eminent men

[1] See my letter in that newspaper dated March 23, 1917.

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to believe almost any kind of story, especially in war times, provided it does not carry its own refutation with it. In this case the story is bristling with refutations, not the least of which is Mr. Thayer's declaration that after Mr. Roosevelt had actually frightened the Kaiser into arbitration, he announced to the public that the Kaiser was "a good friend and practiser of arbitration."

The natural deduction to draw from that declaration is that President Roosevelt made a fool of the public to please the Kaiser, and then made a fool of the Kaiser to please the public.

But however imaginative the whole story is, it will doubtless be remembered always as one of Mr. Roosevelt's most popular campaign stories, and as one of Mr. Thayer's masterpieces of transcription.

HERBERT W. BOWEN.



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# BOWEN vs. ROOSEVELT

## A REJOINDER

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

I do not reply to critics who find fault with the opinions I express in my historical writings. Every critic has a right to hold whatever opinion he chooses. But when my veracity, competence and character as a historian are impugned I feel in duty bound to take notice; and therefore I make this statement in rejoinder to Mr. Bowen's attack.

I regret to be personal, but since the personal equation is the chief element in this discusion, I can not avoid it. Twenty years ago Mr. Herbert W. Bowen was Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to Venezuela. I give his title in full because he is a stickler in such matters, and reproves me for not listing the names of all the countries with which as Commissioner he had dealings. It happened that during his term of service Germany, wishing to see whether our Government would really back up the Monroe Doctrine, persuaded England and Italy to join her in sending warships to Venezuelan waters, to collect from Venezuela debts long overdue. Theodore Roosevelt was then President of the United States, and John Hay was Secretary of State. These European Powers kept up, for a while, what they called a "pacific blockade," but when Mr. Hay pointed out to them that there could be no such thing as a pacific blockade, they declared a state of belligerency. The German Kaiser's motive was to land German troops at one of the ports and occupy it. Once there, he knew that it would be difficult to dislodge him. The Venezuelan Government meanwhile, much perturbed, requested Mr. Bowen to act as their diplomatic agent, and to mediate between them and Germany. President Roosevelt consented to his doing this. Mr. Bowen objects to my mentioning Mr. Roosevelt's consent at all, and seems to imply that he (Bowen) acted on his own motion. It is safe to say, however, that if the President and Secretary of State had not approved any Minister's act, that Minister's resignation would have been demanded.

Mr. Bowen seems to have acted with industry in negotiating for the Venezuelans with the hostile Powers; but he admits, in the foregoing communication, that he was forced to appeal to Mr. Hay to back up the request of Mr. Mediator Bowen, and in order to be near the great diplomatic engine of the American State Department, he went to Washington himself. England and Italy, who had not the Kaiser's reptilian motive for pressing the Venezuelans, agreed to

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arbitration, and presently the Kaiser also announced his willingness to arbitrate. Mr. Bowen naturally supposed that the achievement was his, and he has taken great pride ever since in that supposition. Indeed, he has been over-sensitive at the way in which the neglectful world has failed to do him justice. The affair was duly recorded, with Mr. Hay's telegrams and others, in the Red Book of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

When I was preparing my *Life of John Hay*, five years ago, I consulted those of Mr. Hay's former colleagues and friends who seemed likely to be best informed as to his public career. Among others I saw President Roosevelt, and he told me the true story of thwarting the German Kaiser in Venezuela. I urged him to let me print it in the *Life of Hay*. He demurred for several weeks, but finally consented when I assured him that any such evidence of German duplicity and evil plotting against the United States could not fail to help the American patriotic cause at that time—1915. Finally he sent me the account which I printed in my book. In substance it states that President Roosevelt, tiring of the fruitless diplomatic shilly-shallying of the Germans, told Holleben, the German Ambassador, to cable to the Kaiser that unless the Kaiser arbitrated, he would order Admiral Dewey, with a fleet of forty-five ships, to the coast of Venezuela, to put his ships between the German ships and the Venezuelan ports, which they threatened to bombard. When Holleben returned to the White House a week later, and reported that Berlin had sent no reply, Roosevelt told him that he would order Admiral Dewey to Venezuela sooner than he had first planned, but that if the Kaiser consented to arbitrate, Roosevelt would not let it be known, at that time, that he had forced the Kaiser to take this step, but that he would publicly praise the Kaiser as a friend of arbitration. Only Roosevelt and Holleben knew of this affair, so that it might be kept secret. Within thirty-six hours Holleben hurried back to the White House to assure Roosevelt that the Kaiser would arbitrate.

From this it appears that President Roosevelt, and not Mr. Bowen, brought the Kaiser to terms over the Venezuelan dispute in 1902-03. To have had his chief cause for fame snatched away from him thus ruthlessly, was naturally very bitter to Mr. Bowen. I knew nothing about his feelings when I published Hay's Life, but it is perfectly plain now why he has incessantly abused me by private letters and through the press ever since. I have learned that he had other grievances against President Roosevelt, but these would not account for his attitude towards me.

Now, the impartial reader may say: "Very good, but what if Roosevelt made up the whole story?" Fortunately, to allay such a doubt, various pieces of circumstantial evidence are at hand to confirm the truth of Roosevelt's statements. A German of whom Holleben sought advice after he had just heard Roosevelt's second warning, told this to a thoroughly upright American. Admiral Dewey, shortly before his death, said, in a public letter, that he held his fleet at its rendezvous in the Caribbean ready to steam at a moment's order to the Venezuelan ports. A very distinguished American diplomat, with whom I talked the matter over, said: "That explains it! I was always puzzled to know why Roosevelt praised the Kaiser as a lover

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of arbitration." If we examine more minutely, we should find that the dates correspond with Roosevelt's statements.

Why did he not inform Secretary Hay or Mr. Bowen? Because he had promised the Kaiser, through Holleben, that the matter should be secret. Finally, this method of cutting a diplomatic knot was peculiarly Rooseveltian. He practised it in the case of Alaska; in the case of Colombia, and in others. It was his own personal representation to the Czar of Russia and the Emperor of Japan that caused the armistice which put an end to the Russo-Japanese War. And I could cite other cases in which Roosevelt did not whisper to Secretary Hay what he was doing..

So I feel that, as a historian who wishes to tell the truth, I am fully warranted in accepting President Roosevelt's statement. I regret that the statement robs Mr. Bowen of a just claim to the glory which was so dear to him. I regret also that he holds so mean an opinion of me and my works, but the truth must prevail.

President Roosevelt wrote, over his own signature, a complete account of the episode, which appeared in 1916 in the sixteenth and later impressions of my *Life of John Hay*. It is noteworthy that if the statement was not true, Bernstorff and the Germans, who at that time did their will in this country, made no denial.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

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# NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

ROUSSEAU AND ROMANTICISM. By Irving Babbitt. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Professor Babbitt's new book, mainly about Rousseau, is essentially an acute diagnosis of romanticism,—an examination of its underlying ideas and motives and of their results. The book belongs to that part of philosophy which is normally included in literature and in literary criticism, and which does not necessarily involve metaphysics. This is well. Literary criticism must be a criticism of ideas, and as such should go beyond the limits of mere "appreciation;" yet it is most useful when it stops short of the profound and abstract speculations of the professional philosophers.

The author begins by distinguishing between the two laws, as indicated by Emerson—the human law and "the law of thing." To the latter belongs science—and also romanticism. Romanticism is, therefore, so far as it is a philosophy, an attempt to extend the "law of thing"—or more accurately the law of the flux, with which science properly deals, into a province in which it has no efficacy. In order to escape from the romantic error, we must, thinks Professor Babbitt, be not less "modern," but more so. We must be more modern than the romanticists and the scientific philosophers by becoming more critical; in other words, we must recognize the human law, as well as the natural law, as a part of experience. The author would have us avoid the mistake of those modern thinkers who "are seeking to build up their own intoxication with the element of change into a complete view of life, and so are turning their backs upon one whole side of experience." Appealing to experience, he asks what are the results of "Rousseauistic living." "The supreme maxim of the ethical positivist, he declares, is: By their fruits ye shall know them"—a point of view which, carried into criticism, produces conclusions that are sane and illuminating.

A critical method, however, though it may be fundamentally experimental, really requires some sort of philosophic basis—some doctrine in regard to our knowledge of the nature of things; and this Professor Babbitt, in his positivistic way, supplies. The doctrine of "the two infinites"—the infinite of desire and the infinite of measure and restraint—is of the utmost significance, and the author scores admirably when he declares that this doctrine is "not abstract and metaphysical [both words, by the way, should be in quotation marks, since there is no ground for assuming that what is "abstract" and "meta-

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physical" is *not* experiential], but bears on what is most immediate in experience." Further than this, Professor Babbitt, taking up the problem of knowledge from the positivist standpoint, shows that any knowledge we may have of what is abiding is so mingled with illusion that it is only through the "right use" of illusion that we may grasp it at all.

Just at this point, it may be proper to say, the author's line of thought becomes a trifle confusing. The *imagination* seems so obviously the faculty by which illusion is produced, that in what Professor Babbitt says of this faculty it would seem as though he meant that it is by the imagination, solely or especially, that we may through illusion get at the true infinite—at the perception of what is abiding. If one attempts any precise definition of the imagination, or of the part it plays in thinking, this point of view becomes a bit difficult to follow. It is true that the author insists that imagination must be guided and guarded by sound analysis, by an able Socratic dialectic—and that his whole treatise is testimony to the value of this humanistic logic. But the query arises, whether the clear-cut distinction that he is able to make between the "Rousseauistic imagination" and the "ethical imagination" is worth the psychological confusion which the employment of the word "imagination" in a rather doubtful sense involves. The imagination surely is not the special organ of intuition. Would it not be simpler and better, one asks—despite the considerable part that imagination plays in all thinking, and the excessive part that it plays in Rousseauistic thinking,—to say simply that we get at our sense of the true infinite through the whole mind, informed by moral intuition: "Thinking is a matter of the whole man."

However this may be, Professor Babbitt's premises are sufficiently simple and sufficiently sound. In applying them to Rousseau and the romantic movement, he is not simply slaying the slain. So multifarious is the romantic error, so persistent is it in all its various forms that every new analysis of it has independent value and fresh interest. The warfare against romanticism can no more cease than can the clerical warfare upon sin. Acute, right-minded persons have always some new thing that is worth saying to say about both.

In logical analysis and in appreciation of human motives Professor Babbitt excels most critics who have dealt with this subject. Logically his disquisition upon the word "romantic" is admirable. His humanistic standpoint, his broadly critical view, gives him an advantage over most in dealing with the romantic imagination, with romantic morality, with romantic love, with romantic melancholy and romantic irony. Very acute, for example, is the author's development of the connection between emotional misanthropy and the worship of wild nature, very practical as well as profound his explanation of the relation between the unethical and a-centric imagination and the romantic sense of solitude and nostalgia. Professor Babbitt has somewhat less of a certain theological attitude than has, for one, Paul Elmer More, among Dualists; his dualism scarcely calls for the epithet "savage." In his treatise the commonly experienced and valued quality of "decorum" is as much insisted upon as the somewhat fearfully abstract "inner check." It is to the whole of human wisdom and experience that Professor Babbitt refers for confirmation rather than to

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an implacable and inexplicable force within us. To say the least, his stopping somewhat short of religion or of rigid moral dogma makes Professor Babbitt's treatise persuasive and humanly serviceable.

So sound as far as it goes, so wholesome and practicable, so necessary in the present period, is the dualistic point of view, especially in its humanistic development as the wisdom of inner experience illustrated in action, that it is only with the greatest hesitation that one may venture to suggest certain doubts as to its complete sufficiency. In a tentative way, however, these doubts may perhaps be briefly outlined.

"All children, nearly all women, and the vast majority of men," says Professor Babbitt, with an irony that matches the romantic irony, "are, and probably always will be, romantic." If Romanticism is really so bad a thing as it is represented to be, is not this pronouncement dogmatically pessimistic? So clear-headed a dualist as Paul Elmer More has declared, indeed, that in regard to the question why the "Inner Check" sometimes acts and sometimes fails to act, we are hopelessly in the dark, and must always remain so. Whence this evil tendency in mankind? It is unexplained, and hence seems incurable, except by intervention of Divine Grace or of the equally arbitrary "Inner Check."

It is doubtful that men can remain permanently satisfied with such a view—a view against which, as well as against the narrowness of pseudo-classicism, Rousseauism seems to have been a protest. "The majority of men are worthless," said some old Greek politician, disillusioned with democracy. But modern democracy rests upon the belief that the majority of men are fundamentally good. If to be romantic is to be unspiritual, and if the majority of men are hopelessly romantic, we seem to be not far from Oliver Cromwell's ideal of government by the "Godly Party": the rule of the Barebones Parliament could not be ultimately worse than the rule of a romantic mob.

Turning from this larger aspect of the question to the narrower field of literary criticism, one cannot help suspecting that the terms "classic" and "romantic," useful as they are in making broad distinctions, are not final. In actual literature the classic and the romantic elements interpenetrate in a way that makes it scarcely useful to attempt to disentangle them. Moreover there is an ethical type of "romance," though there is perhaps no ethical type of "Romanticism." Running through Professor Babbitt's discourse is the assumption that romance generally (so far as it is harmless) and the romantic element in ethical works of the imagination belong solely to "the recreative side of life." Does experience really confirm this assumption? On the contrary does it not appear that the romantic element strongly tends to be taken seriously, and that if it be not taken seriously it becomes deadly dull? Is there not a certain absurdity, even a hint of critical obtuseness, in the suggestion that Victor Hugo should be taken purely on the recreative side of life? If Wordsworth were thought of as pertaining to "a week-end view of life" could anyone endure to read him at all?

An acceptance of the dualistic standpoint would seem therefore to narrow our appreciation of literature by divesting much that is beautiful of that seriousness which is avowedly the very soul of its beauty. Keats as a week-end diversion is intolerable!

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There are other considerations. What about the Don Quixotes of this world and the explorers who felt the lure of the unknown? What about the real geniuses who were not ethical but who paralleled upon a higher plane the achievements of instinct upon a lower plane? What about the magic of painting, as it appears in unclassic art, and the glamour of music? No one, it is probable, has ever been able to take these things in a purely recreative way. If glamour, if the mystery of light and color, are mere ornaments, they are nothing, and a society ought to be formed to prevent artists from pouring out their souls in a shameful expense of spirit; for without an expense of spirit these things will hardly be produced. Consider also the effect upon the mind of certain scenes in nature and of certain descriptions of nature. Coleridge's lines—

> "We were the first
> That ever burst
> Into that silent sea"—

are purely romantic; they are instinct with the feeling of boundlessness and its appeal to the human spirit. Whatever else these lines are, they have nothing to do with a week-end view of life. Really to love such lines as these is perhaps dangerous, but to regard them as merely pretty or entertaining would be silly.

In short: is not the "eternal urge," as well as the "Inner Check" a "spiritual" phenomenon—a question ambiguous, no doubt, and difficult to answer, but real. Useful as the distinction between man's "two natures" may be in guiding and judging men's characters, is it after all final? Is there not some way, one asks, without sacrificing that moral intuition which seems to have made its appearance at the same time with the human mind, or that hard-won humanism embodied in classic literature, without giving up the urbanity of Horace, the *severitas* of Caesar, or the self-denying love enjoined by the Founder of Christianity; is there not some way of believing with Rousseau that the majority of men are naturally good, and of retaining as part of their goodness that restless, questing spirit to which romance appeals?

AUTHORITY IN THE MODERN STATE. By Harold J. Laski, New Haven: Yale University Press.

Mr. Laski's analysis of authority in the modern state is pragmatic; it aims to avoid complications with theories which in attempting to determine the derivation of state authority, or to describe what it ought to be, produce conclusions inconsistent with the truth regarding the actual working of authority in the state and with its actual growth. This analysis leads, as pragmatic analyses generally do lead, to a pluralistic view.

To be sure there remains in Mr. Laski's theory a residuum of those truths which we have come to look upon as essential. Conscience remains: "The only permanent safeguard of democratic government is that the unchanging and ultimate sanction of intellectual decision should be the conscience." And in this connection Mr. Laski points out very convincingly, and in words expressing, indeed, un-

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usual insight, the vital truth in the opinion of Socrates that virtue is knowledge. "The conscience is not a thing which reacts instinctively to any set of circumstances. It needs instruction. It has to be trained into the fine perception of the complex issues by which it will be confronted. The mind with which it interacts needs nourishment to be energetic." Conscience, then, and enlightenment—these remain. But almost everything else in the political problem is variable.

Is there in practice, one sometimes wonders as one reads Mr. Laski's book, much distinction between "conscience" and simple freedom of thought—between what *is* right and the power of deciding for oneself what is right? Morality is based upon the fact that in certain essential matters of conduct men think alike. What the state has to look out for, however, is that in certain matters of political conduct they are likely to think very differently. It is not easy to see how a theory of government could be based, consistently with Mr. Laski's view, upon the thesis that conscience is supreme. Conscience is a force that must be reckoned with; it may make itself supreme if it can; but practically it is on all fours with assertions of individual or class interests, often chiefly selfish.

Thus, assuming that the aim of the state is simply the attainment of a somewhat vaguely conceived and somewhat variously conceived "good life," one may state the problem of society as simply how men may most harmoniously coöperate in the attempt to reach this goal. and the problem of authority in the state will be merely a part of this larger problem. Obedience to state authority, when it is not the obedience of slavery, is merely a form of coöperation toward the end presumably desired by all. The question in regard to authority is, then, according to this view, no longer on what it is based, or whence it is derived, but how it actually works. Conscience is merely a factor in determining the form of coöperation. Enlightened selfishness works in the same way.

And so there is nothing left that is merely theoretic; there is no possibility of rearing a sound system of government on *a priori* grounds. One is thrown back upon analysis of the facts.

What Mr. Laski's analysis appears to disclose is, first, that "the sovereignty of the state will mean in the long run the sovereignty of the rulers who govern it;" and secondly, that "the state is only one among many forms of human association. In the first place the devices of representative government—including our own system of checks and balances and of geographical federalism—do not insure that the people rule: they are ruled, with certain limitations, and the sovereignty of the people would appear to be in this light largely a fiction, the practical fact being that the people have a right to protest, to change rulers, and in extreme cases to revolt." In the second place, "We have been so concerned, particularly as lawyers, in demonstrating the paramountcy of the state, that we have taken too little regard of the life lived outside its categories." What seems to be indicated for the future is a society in which authority is "not hierarchical but coördinate." Indeed, such coördinate authority in some sort already exists. It is obvious that there are many interests which the state cannot serve. Religious authority, for example, is turned over to the

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churches. "A society like the Presbyterian church, which recognizes only the headship of Christ, will resist to the uttermost any external attempt at the definition of its life; and experience seems to suggest that the state will lose far more than it can gain by the effort." In the economic sphere, the final outcome may be much the same; for "we are beginning to see that authority should go where it can be most wisely exercised for social purposes." Authority would go then presumably to groups representing the interests of producers—authority, that is, sufficient for the purpose of controlling conditions in the particular industry. The state would then so far as economic matters were concerned represent only the consumer. This view, Mr. Laski explains, is not equivalent to anarchy, which denies the need for authority at all, nor is it the same as syndicalism, in so much as syndicalism takes account chiefly of the interests of the producer. What the system would turn out to be would be a new form of federalism, based upon a truer analysis of society than that upon which our present form of government is founded.

Mr. Laski's critical accounts of the views of Bonald, Bourget, Brunetiére, Lamennais, and Royer-Collard, really throw light upon his general propositions, and prove the consistency and worth of these by their actual employment in the testing of other doctrines. The author encounters no serious obstacles in using his analysis as a critical instrument. It is a little unfortunate, however, that he has written in terms so very abstract of a subject which, more than some others, and particularly when treated in an unorthodox way, requires concrete illustrations of meanings. The demand upon the reader's attention is considerable, and when full attention is given it may appear that Mr. Laski more often than is necessary repeats essentially the same thought in only a slightly different form.

The test of conclusions arrived at through empirical analysis is not the usefulness of these ideas in criticism alone but their working in practice—or some forecast of their working in practice. An actual program is what is most needed to enable one to judge of the ultimate correctness of Mr. Laski's ideas. How would industrial democracy, as forecast by the author, work, or would it work at all? Under such a form of government how would our loyalties be distributed? What would become of patriotism? If we grant that the doctrine, *Vox populi, vox dei,* must go the way of the divine right of Kings, can we trust that the new federalism will be anything more than an infinite confusion of interests? Somehow, the distinction between the system described by Mr. Laski and that of the syndicalists seems disquietingly small. Faith in the power of the state as a coördinate power representing the consumer, is hard to grasp. Perhaps one has vaguely in mind powers—empires and the like—in the past, which represented large interests but which did not remain supreme or even coördinate. The suggestion may be false; but the need of a definite plan is felt.

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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## QUOTATIONS ON PEACE

SIR,—In my youth they used as an argument against profane swearing this story: "The profane man is like unto the stupidest of fish, the gudgeon, which will bite at and be caught by a bare hook." Has any one yet shown the American people the slightest sign of bait on that of the League of Nations?

Forty years ago I heard of John Randolph of Roanoke, that in discussing some treaty or other he had said, "It shines and it stinks, and it stinks and it shines, like a dead mackerel lying in the moonlight."

I have gone through "Peace" in several books of quotations with the result appended. None seem nearly as applicable as John Randolph's.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be *thy country's,*
Thy God's and truth's.
*—Wolsey in Henry VIII., act III., scene 2.*

My soul, there is a countrie
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a sentrie
All skillful in the wars.
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet peace sits crown'd with smiles,
And one born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
*—Henry Vaughan, "Peace."*

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Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain:
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till nought remains."
*—Dr. Johnson, Vanity of Human Wishes, Line 201.*
*Said of Charles XII of Sweden, in an Imitation of Juvenal's 10th Satire*

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Mark! Where his carnage and his conquests cease!
He made a platitude and calls it—peace.
*—Byron, Bride of Abydos, C. II., St. 20.*
(Slightly amended.)

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(I don't know just when Pope wrote the following)

No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes.

(He was born in 1688, died 1744. There were some wars in those years and not a few since.)

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*Encyclopaedia Britannica,* 11th edition, article on "Peace," is worth reading as showing aspirations for a world-wide one. Volume 21, page 6, gives, in a footnote, a long list of W. W.'s predecessors, referring to their fruitless failures as schemes of thinkers.

STUYVESANT FISH.

Glenclyffe, N. Y.

## LETHAL FERMENTATIONS

SIR,—There is something very wrong with America. I can feel this plainly, although I am not in touch with the city life of the people where fermentations of dissatisfaction break out first, nor do I know the Government save by the newsprints. But amid all this bleat of Democracy I understand intuitively that there is a very great measure of factitiousness in our shallow complacency of contentment.

If we have a Democracy it is certainly not firmly based, and it must be its clothes, its shell out of which the heart has been eaten and a timocracy pushed into its place, filling out the shirt of independence with the flatulent breast of wealth, and stretching up from the neck the serpent head of avarice where the broad brow of truth had been.

I go out among the people, and see a crude appearing man edging through the crowd. He pauses to address a friend. "Whar you goin' now, Sammie?" Intellectually those around him shrug their cultured shoulders. But someone says: "He's a millionaire, man!" And the crowd opens, someone addresses him with a hearty invitation to lunch, which he accepts with embarrassment and with uncouth speech.

So it runs. Culture descends to wealth, grovels beneath its purchasing power, and destroys the little value it might have abstractly had by showing itself a worthless snob, a windy declaimer out of a stomach of gas and a head of wind. And illiteracy sees itself worshipped and forgets the wholesome truth it had possessed, that money was not all, and that it was gravely deficient until it had made itself more than its wealth, until it had made itself capable of really using its wealth.

Our literature is no exception to this general rule. It increases the great crowd of money-reverent, and writes meekly and sweetly for the sugar tongue of ease, afraid to speak aloud of Life, but disguising it under a coating of lies until it is simply a little bump in the cushion of indolence. The men and women who lead farcical lives in the pages of our books teach us to be good. They tell us how remunerative it is to be honest, they give us a little morals sweetened to taste, and they teach us to cover up the horns of the bull rather than struggle with him naked-handed.

But, from an artistic aspect at least, Literature is taking lessons. In the grasp of the new psychology which tries to pierce the mystery

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of man's Unconscious, it is finding it necessary to cast aside many sentimentalisms and delusions and face life openly. A truer literature will spring from this enlarged self-consciousness, and in as great a measure will it be deeper, more worthy, and the eyes of the world will be given something to see beside a floating rag of conventionality, frayed by every wind that has blown from vacancy since time was. And it will begin to teach its readers to turn over their thoughts and view the evil things scurrying there in the darkness.

For we *are* leading a life of delusion. Evil brews lethal fermentations in us, while we take our eyes off reality and go into ecstasy over the distant stars.

With cleared eyes we must brave the tempests of the future, or else we will be taken up like chaff and carried to perversities we cannot imagine, Bolshevism and worse things of American breed.

WILLIAM GAMALIEL SHEPARD.

Guinea Mills, Virginia.

## "IT SHALL NOT PASS!"

SIR,—I wish to add my full endorsement of your exposition of the League of Nations opposition as contained in your July issue. The Republican Party saved the Constitution of the United States in the sixties; it is fervently to be hoped that they will again save it in 1919, against such autocratic assaults as were launched against it before.

Every "old line Southern Democrat" is an autocrat. Slavery was an autocratic institution, and the autocracy implanted in the marrow of the old-line Democrat of the South in slavery time is still there, only manifesting itself in new form.

There is one phase of the League of Nations question that has hardly had sufficient publicity, and that is its ultimate effect upon Industrial America. By the pact of Paris, China has been virtually turned over to the Japanese. There can be little doubt that Japan will now dominate China commercially and industrially. China represents about 25 per cent of the population of the earth, and Japan has practically pre-empted the trade of these people. We can do but little business in China until we overcome the Japanese handicap. Thus a nation of some 53 million people dominate the trade relations of an alien people numbering 400 million, to the detriment of the rest of the trading nations of the world, as well as to the grave injustice of the people dominated.

Now take the case of Great Britain. The British Empire embraced 12,600,000 square miles of territory before the war, and it is greater now. The British Isles represent about 188,000 square miles of territory. There are some 44 million Britishers in the British Isles, but there are 400,000,000 alien subjects of Great Britain in the 12,400,000 square miles of territory *outside* of the British Isles. In all of this vast territory, and over all of these alien people, there is a preferential tariff in Great Britain's favor. Here, then, is another 25 per cent of the human race, alien to the holding nation, with whom we cannot trade until we overcome the handicap imposed by the holding nation.

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Then take the case of France. France, outside of French territory in Europe, holds some 3,000,000 square miles of territory, with a probable alien population of 100,000,000 alien subjects in whose territory and among whose people preferential trade relations obtain against other nations than the French, and where, again, this handicap must be overcome by other trading nations before business can be carried on among these vast populations. Is the United States Senate going to ratify a treaty which virtually shuts us out from trading with hundreds of millions of people?

Keep up the good fight! To paraphrase the immortal French phrase, let the slogan be:

*"It shall not pass!"*

A. BABENDREER.

Biloxi, Miss.

## GIVE A THOUGHT TO THE ENGINEER

SIR,—It was with great interest and pleasure that I read the forceful article in your magazine entitled "The Intermediate Millions," by Charles Henry Meltzer. Being one of the many that constitute the huge army of the "Intermediate Millions" I feel that I am in a position very keenly to appreciate the author's analysis of the status of the middle-class. Unfortunately, the brain-workers remonstrate more than they act; expecting, it would seem, that some unforeseen agency will come to their rescue.

Professional Engineers, I believe, may be classed among those whose plight is little realized by the public in general; in fact, it would appear that only a very small part of the people is aware that there *is* a difference between the Professional Engineer and the engineman who runs a locomotive or a hoisting engine and who is commonly known to the majority as an "engineer."

Mr. Meltzer's article is a powerful contribution pointing in the right direction, and it seems to me that many of its splendid ideas could be elaborated upon, at least so far as the Professional Engineer of today is concerned. Among Engineers, much is being said regarding the uplifting of the profession; but greatly to the stagnation of conditions, these discussions are taking place only in the various technical journals; little, if at all, in magazines of a more general character such as THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

Permit me to quote from a letter written by Mr. Chas. W. Barber and published in *Engineering News-Record* of May 8th, 1919:

"Respecting the status of the profession and Engineering education: The April number of *Harper's Magazine* contains an article entitled, 'The Chemists of the Future,' similar to one I have long hoped some able Engineer would write for publication in a popular magazine. If the status of the profession is to be raised, why discuss it only in Engineering periodicals? * * * Here is a 9-page article in a publication suitable for telling the intelligent public the generalities of the profession's work. Cannot a competent engineer follow this worthy example? Cannot the purpose of raising the status of the engineer be gained more efficiently and to a wider extent by articles

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in the current magazines rather than in engineering periodicals? It should be remembered that as a class those who employ engineers do not read our literature." FERNANDO C. PIODA.

Victoria, B. C.

## GUARANTEEING THE BRITISH EMPIRE

SIR,—By the 10th Article of the League of Nations, the United States of America would be pledged to "preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League." By this article, America would be compelled to guarantee, with her fleets and armies, for an indeterminate period, the "territorial integrity" of the British Empire.

America would incur many other obligations under Article X, such as guaranteeing Corea and the Shantung Peninsula to Japan; but the obligation to "preserve" the British Empire would be the most Herculean of them all.

Before the war, the British held, by force of arms, about one-fourth of the habitable area of the world, and governed almost exactly one-fourth of the world's population. As the spoils of war, the British Empire has just acquired from Germany about one million square miles of new colonies, which England will govern under a "mandatory," described by a writer in the *Fortnightly Review,* as a "diplomatic fiction."

Besides these actual accessions of territory, England will acquire very extended and valuable spheres of influence, notably in Mesopotamia. I have seen it stated that, taken altogether, England will now control, by her fortifications, naval stations, fleets and armies, one-third of the entire world, with its inhabitants. No such empire has ever been known in history. Babylon and Rome fade into insignificance.

And our country, the United States of America, is to guarantee, possibly forever, the existence of this overgrown and widely scattered empire. I ask any American, " is this the way to ' make the world safe for democracy ' ? " VERITAS.

New Haven, Conn.

## A RETURNED SOLDIER ON THE LEAGUE

SIR,—I have just now finished the June issue of the THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and allow me to say "Thank God." The whole of the United States has not been hypnotized by the misstatement of facts as it emanated from the council of three in Paris.

I might add that this afternoon I came in on the Rock Island train from Topeka, Kans., and at random inquired among a few of the passengers as to their standing on the League of Nations. Two of them were noncommital; one was against it; but all assumed an attitude of apathy, caused, as far as I could judge, by the delay and the clouding of the issues involved.

I think that after the League was first laid before public opinion the idea met with favor, but after more mature consideration, the

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obligations assumed by the United States were seen to be too great; slowly but surely the people are coming to the realization that again they have been almost to Utopia, but that this is a matter-of-fact world, where responsibility always carries with it obligation. They are beginning to think that their faith has been sadly misplaced in Mr. Wilson.

I also spent one year in France, and I am sure I speak for a good many of the returned soldiers in saying that "charity begins at home."

R. G. HINE.

Kansas City, Mo.

## THE "REVIEW" IN BRAZIL

SIR,—Will you allow an American, who has always openly and freely expressed his mind, to give you a word of appreciation for your excellent article, "The Independence of America," and for David Jayne Hill's superb "The Obstruction of Peace," in your April issue?

In a foreign land, it often becomes necessary to acquiesce when one feels that a negative would and should be the answer for the conduct of the homeland. It is, therefore, refreshing, to say the least, to find such a clear and broadminded article as your magazine contains "allowed" to come to a foreign land for our neighbors to read, so that they may learn the true state of affairs.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is always hard to procure here, and each boat must be watched. "There is a reason."

GEO. P. LINBERG.

Rio de Janiero, Brazil.

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